



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH *Tommy*
TOMORROW



52 BIG
PAGES

ACTION COMICS

NO.146 JULY

10¢

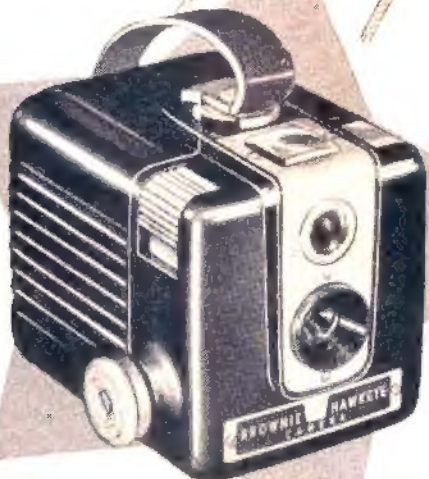
Another
EXCITING

SUPERMAN
ADVENTURE



Three ALL-STAR Cameras

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Brownie Hawkeye Camera—New smooth styling, clear oversize view finder—a cinch to load and use. Takes 12 black-and-white shots on Kodak 620 Film. Camera, \$5.50. Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.55.



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TRADE-MARK

SUPERMAN



Which is the REAL Lois Lane? THAT IS THE QUESTION THAT PLAGUES THE MAN OF TOMORROW WHEN THE MOST ASTOUNDING PHENOMENON METROPOLIS HAS EVER KNOWN OCCURS! FOR SUDDENLY, STATUES OF INANIMATE STONE COME TO LIFE! PICTURE THEN, THE PANIC THAT REIGNS IN THE CITY AS STONE FIGURES RUN AMOK THROUGH THE STREETS! WILL SUPERMAN BE ABLE TO SOLVE THIS ASTOUNDING PROBLEM? WILL HE BE ABLE TO HALT IN TIME THE TERRIFYING PARADE OF...

"THE STATUES THAT CAME TO LIFE!"

IT IS A PEACEFUL NIGHT IN METROPOLIS AS PATROLMAN PERKINS WALKS HIS BEAT IN THE CITY PARK...

♪ AH ME! NOTHIN' STIRRIN' IN TOWN TONIGHT! 'TIS A NIGHT OF PEACE AND QUIET!



BUT SUDDENLY THE QUIET IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF HORSE'S HOOFS...

A FINE TIME OF NIGHT FOR ANYONE TO BE OUT RIDING! NOW WHO IN THE WORLD...



HUH?

GLORY BE! CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES? 'TIS GENERAL JACKSON AND HIS HORSE! THEY'VE JUMPED OFF THE PEDESTAL AND ARE RUNNIN' AWAY!



HEY! COME BACK!

CLOPPITY! CLOPPITY!

AND WHEN PATROLMAN PERKINS TELLS HIS STORY AT THE LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT HOUSE...

YOU MEAN YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT STORY, PERKINS? MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! I'M GIVING YOU TWO WEEKS' SUSPENSION WITHOUT PAY!

BUT CAPTAIN—I SWEAR THOSE STATUES GOT UP AND RAN AWAY!



A LITTLE LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

I'LL ADMIT PATROLMAN PERKINS' STORY SOUNDS FANTASTIC, LOIS—BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT THE STATUE OF GENERAL JACKSON IS MISSING!

DROP EVERYTHING, LOIS! A TERRIFIC STORY JUST BROKE!



GET THIS, KIDS! THE STONE LIONS IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY JUST CAME TO LIFE AND ARE RUNNING LOOSE THROUGH THE CITY!

THAT MEANS PANICKY CROWDS--AND MAYBE DISASTER! NO TIME TO LOSE! THIS IS A JOB FOR--SUPERMAN!

WOW! I'M ON MY WAY, BOSS!



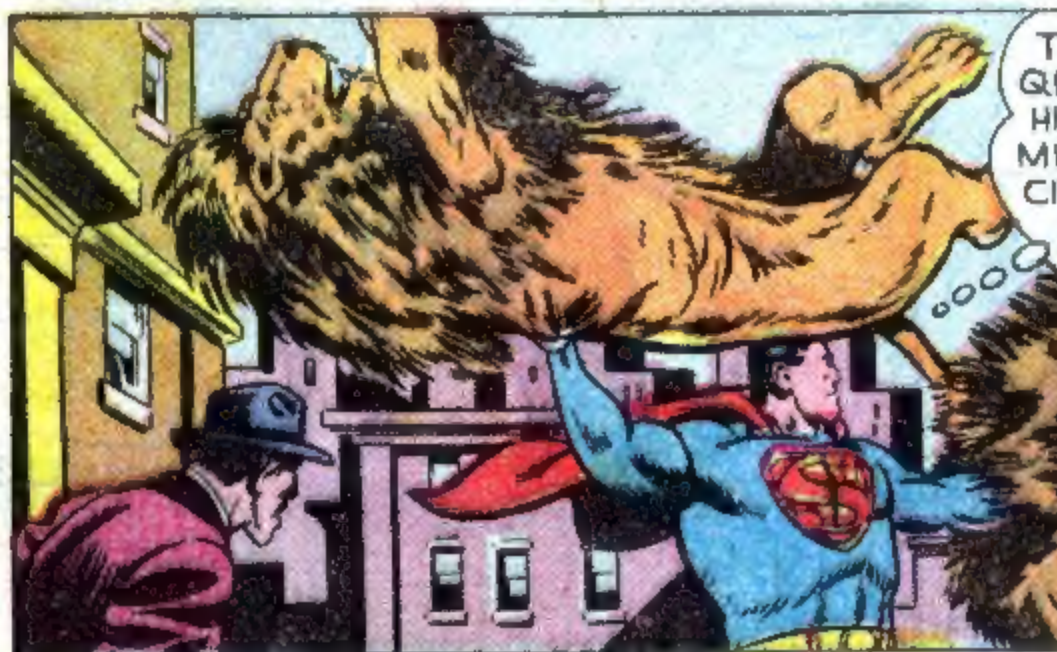
A SWIFT CHANGE OF COSTUME IN A DESERTED CORRIDOR, AND MEEK CLARK KENT BECOMES THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW—SUPERMAN!



I DON'T KNOW HOW STONE LIONS CAN RUN THROUGH THE STREETS--BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT THEY'RE DOING IT!

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, THE FLAILING FISTS OF THE MAN OF STEEL STOP THE MARAUDING LIONS DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS!

ORDINARILY I WOULDN'T THINK OF HURTING AN ANIMAL--BUT THESE BIG CATS MEAN BUSINESS!



THEY'RE HARMLESS NOW! BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHAT TO DO WITH THEM? Hmm... MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS ME THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU AT THE CITY ZOO! SUPPOSE I ARRANGE A FLYING TRIP THERE FOR YOU. HERE GOES!

A MIGHTY HEAVE OF THE MAN OF STEEL'S ARM, AND ONE BY ONE THE LIONS LAND UNERRINGLY AT THEIR DESTINATION!..

LEAPIN' LIZARDS--OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY LIONS! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TAKING ON SOME NEW BOARDERS!



OOF!

I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES, SUPERMAN! THOSE STONE LIONS SUDDENLY REARED UP AND BROKE LOOSE!

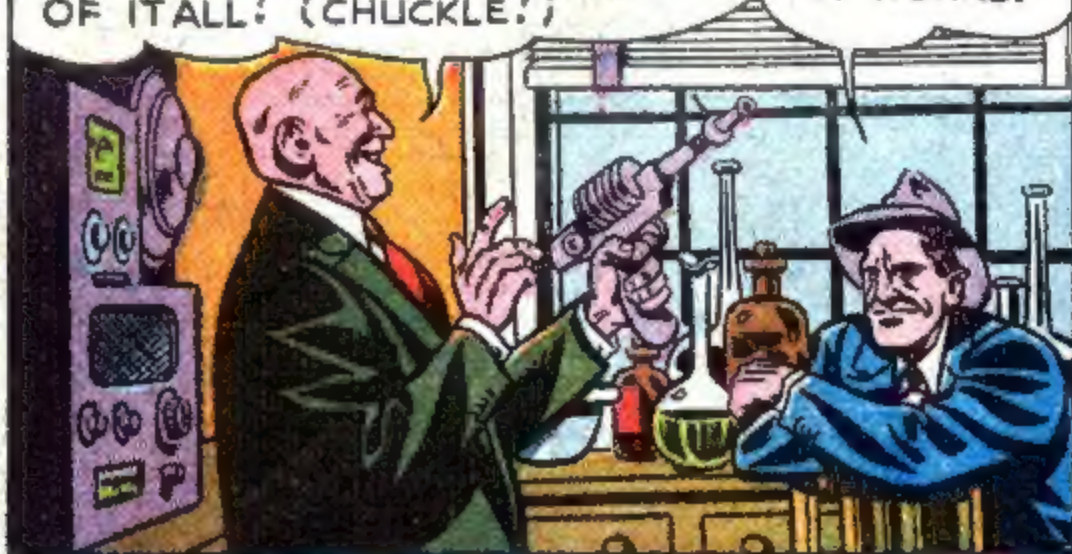
STONE STATUES COMING TO LIFE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! OR IS IT? IT'S THE SORT OF MAD SCIENTIFIC TRICK THAT COULD COME FROM A TWISTED MIND LIKE LUTHOR'S! I WONDER..?



SUPERMAN'S GUESS IS CLOSER THAN HE MIGHT THINK! FOR IN A LABORATORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING ABOUT THE MYSTERY OF THE LIBRARY LIONS! IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT THIS LITTLE RAY-GUN WAS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL! (CHUCKLE!)

IT'S TERRIFIC, LUTHOR! BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW IT WORKS!



IT WAS EASY FOR A GENIUS LIKE ME! SCIENCE TELLS US THAT ALL MATTER CONSISTS OF ATOMS! MY LIFE-RAY GUN FUSES THOSE ATOMS INTO AN ACTIVATED MASS OF PSEUDO-PROTOPLASM! IN SIMPLE LANGUAGE, I CAN BRING INANIMATE OBJECTS TO LIFE!



I SEE, LUTHOR, BUT... HOLY COW! THAT CAT YOWLING OUTSIDE IS GETTIN' ON MY NERVES!

NO NEED TO UPSET YOURSELF, MY FRIEND! I WAS ABOUT TO DEMONSTRATE THE LIFE-RAY GUN TO YOU ANYWAY! SUPPOSE I TURN IT ON THIS STATUE OF A DOG...



AS THE RAYS OF THE LIFE-GUN HIT THE STONE STATUE, ITS MARKINGS BEGIN TO DARKEN AND CHANGE...



AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...

BEHOLD! THE RAY-GUN BRINGS THE DOG TO LIFE, AND ITS FIRST INSTINCT IS AS OLD AS DOGDOM ITSELF -- CHASING CATS!

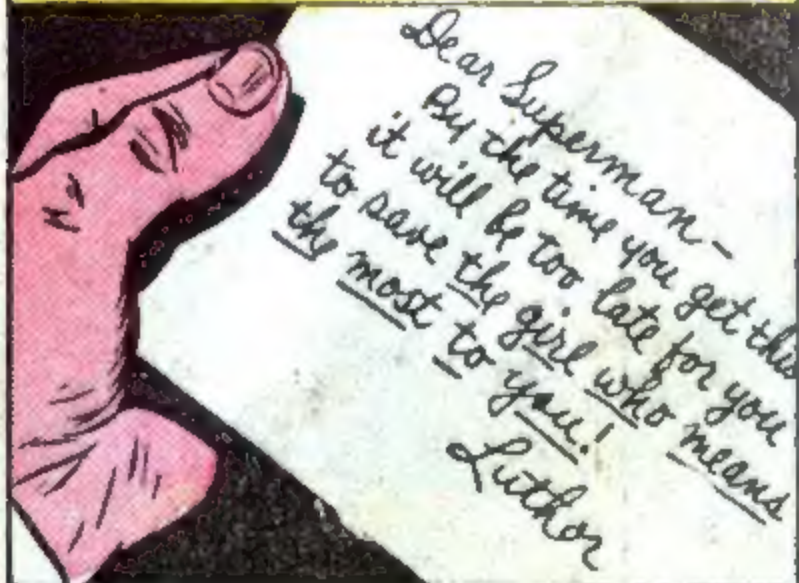
WOW! WHATTA INVENTION! IT OUGHTTA BE WORTH A FORTUNE, BOSS!



CORRECT, MY FRIEND! WITH THIS RAY-GUN, I'LL SOON HAVE ALL METROPOLIS BEGGING FOR MERCY! AND WHAT'S EVEN BETTER--THIS NEW WEAPON WILL AT LAST ENABLE ME TO DEFEAT MY MOST HATED ENEMY--SUPERMAN!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET, A CRYPTIC NOTE ARRIVES.



Dear Superman—
By the time you get this
it will be too late for you
to save the girl who means
the most to you!
Luthor

THAT NOTE WAS JUST
DELIVERED TO CLARK
KENT, **SUPERMAN!** WHAT
A COINCIDENCE THAT
YOU SHOULD TURN
UP SO SUDDENLY!

IT WAS NO COINCIDENCE,
BUT I CAN'T TELL THEM
THAT!

"THE GIRL WHO
MEANS THE MOST TO
YOU"... HMMM! IT
COULD BE LOIS-- BUT
SHE'S PERFECTLY
ALL RIGHT!



OH, **SUPERMAN!**
YOU MEAN I'M
THE GIRL WHO
MEANS THE MOST
TO YOU? GOLLY!

I DIDN'T SAY IT, LOIS—
LUTHOR DID! BUT IF HE
DIDN'T MEAN YOU, THEN
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON
LEFT... **GOOD GRIEF!**
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, SHE'S
IN **TERRIBLE DANGER!**



WHO DOES
SUPERMAN MEAN?
WHO IS THIS OTHER
WOMAN WHO MEANS SO
MUCH TO THE **MAN OF**
TOMORROW, THAT HE
INSTANTLY LEAVES THE
DAILY PLANET OFFICE
AND HURTLES WITH
FURIOUS SPEED TO
HER RESCUE??

IT IS NONE OTHER THAN
THE WOMAN WHO STANDS
FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF
ALL AMERICANS, A SYMBOL
OF FREEDOM AND TOLERANCE
-- **MISS LIBERTY!**

YESSIRREE! THE STATUE
OF LIBERTY! THE SCULPTOR
WHO MADE IT WAS BARTHOLDI!
AND THE STATUE WAS
PRESENTED TO AMERICA
BY THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE!
150 FEET TALL, WEIGHING
225 TONS, SHE'S BEEN
STANDING THERE SINCE
1886...



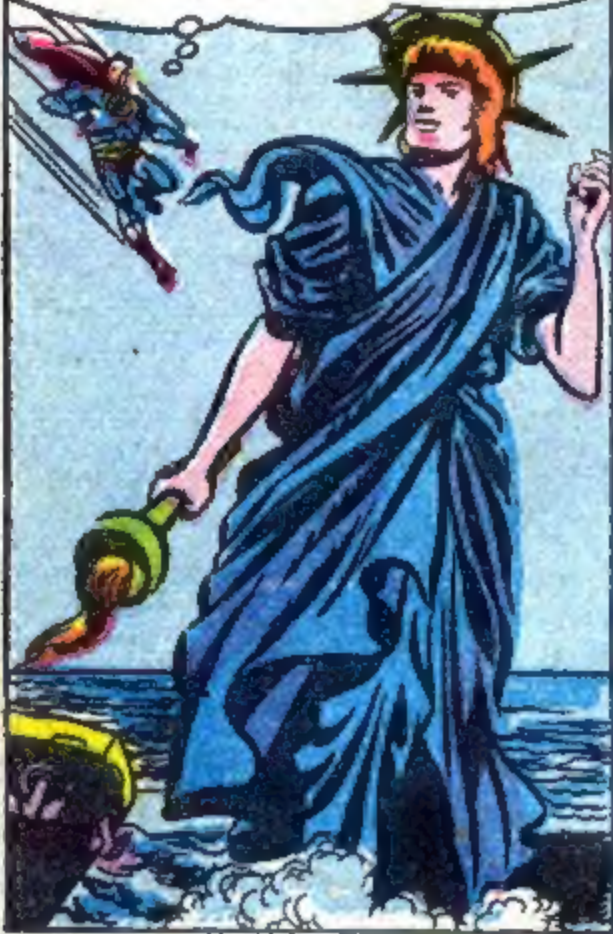
WHAT IS IT THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN SEES
THAT CAUSES HIM TO STOP SPEECHLESS?
IT IS AN **EERIE SIGHT** INDEED!



STANDING
THERE
SINCE 1886...
BUT NOW
SHE'S
WALKING!
EEOW!

AND AT THAT MOMENT...

I WAS RIGHT! IT IS THE STATUE OF LIBERTY--THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD WHO MEANS MORE TO ME THAN LOIS LANE! AND SHE'S BROKEN LOOSE FROM HER PEDESTAL! OH-OH! SHIP IN DANGER DOWN THERE!



EEEOW! I LET GO OF THE WHEEL AND THE SHIP'S OUT OF CONTROL! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, YOU WON'T!



WITHIN A SPLIT SECOND, THE HUGE EXCURSION SHIP IS LIFTED INTO THE AIR BY HANDS OF STEEL...

GLORY BE! IT'S SUPERMAN!

EASY DOES IT! I'LL SET ALL HANDS DOWN SAFE AT THE PIER!



WITH THE SHIP SAFE IN PORT, THE MAN OF TOMORROW TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE GIANT ANIMATED MISS LIBERTY!



SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS TO YOU! BUT IT WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU TO GO ROAMING THE SEVEN SEAS! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE YOU STAY RIGHT HERE IN AMERICA!

I'VE SET HER BACK ON HER PEDESTAL! NOW TO MAKE SURE SHE CAN'T LEAVE IT AGAIN!



IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND A WRECKED VESSEL SOME PLACE! THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM DOWN HERE TOO DEEP TO BE SALVAGED.. AH! THIS ONE WILL DO NICELY!

THOUSANDS OF FATHOMS DEEP, DOWN TO THE OCEAN BED ITSELF, HURTTLES SUPERMAN IN HIS STRANGE QUEST...





THIS CANNON IS OF THE VINTAGE YEAR 1750 OR THEREABOUTS! NOT MUCH USE FOR WELFARE, BUT IT WILL SERVE MY PURPOSE! NOW TO PICK UP A FEW MORE...

WITHIN A MOMENT, THE MAN OF TOMORROW COMPLETES HIS JOB OF ROOTING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY FIRMLY TO THE SPOT WHERE IT BELONGS!



FORGIVE ME, MISS LIBERTY! NO WOMAN LIKES TO PUT ON WEIGHT, AND I GUESS YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION! BUT YOU'RE SAFE, NOW, ANCHORED LIKE THIS-- UNTIL THE EFFECTS OF LUTHOR'S EXPERIMENT WEARS OFF!

BACK TO BEDLOE'S ISLAND, HOME OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, FLIES SUPERMAN WITH HIS STRANGE CARGO! THEN...



IT WOULDN'T DO FOR THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, WHICH WELCOMES SHIPS FROM FOREIGN SHORES, TO BE SEEN WITH WEAPONS OF WAR! SO I'LL JUST FORCE THESE CANNON INTO SOMETHING THAT LOOKS MORE SHIPSHAPE!



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN LUTHOR'S LABORATORY...

HA! AFTER WHAT I DID TO THE LIONS AND STATUE OF LIBERTY WITH MY RAY-GUN, THE PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS MUST NOW BE AWARE OF MY POWER OVER THEM!

MAYBE SO, LUTHOR! BUT YOU NOTICE THAT SOMEHOW SUPERMAN MANAGED TO SHOW UP EACH TIME TO STOP THE LIVING STATUES FROM DOING DAMAGE!

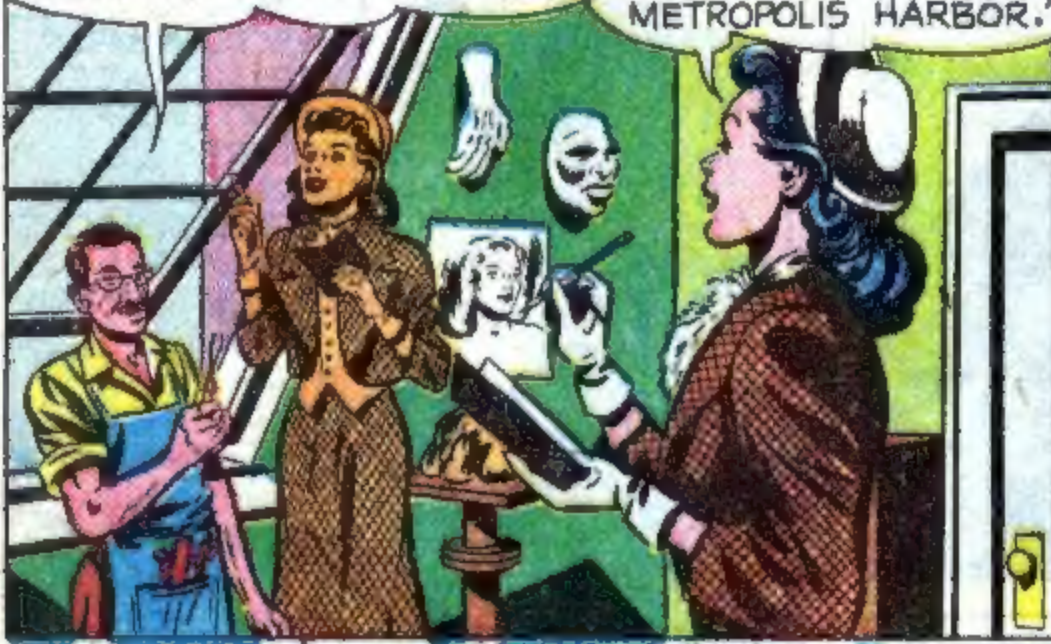


YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! BEFORE I AM READY TO PULL OFF MY BIG COUP AGAINST METROPOLIS, I MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT SUPERMAN WILL BE UNABLE TO STOP IT! AND I KNOW JUST THE WAY TO MAKE HIM HELPLESS AGAINST ME!

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE STUDIO OF
A WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR...

IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS,
I'LL BE FINISHED, MISS LANE!
THIS STATUE OF YOU IS MY
FINEST ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT!

THANKS, MR. LOCASTRO!
BUT IT COULDN'T BE
BETTER THAN THAT GIANT
STATUE OF **SUPERMAN**
YOU MADE TO OVERLOOK
METROPOLIS HARBOR.



AND DIRECTLY OUTSIDE
THE SKYLIGHT...

HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME
REAL FUN WITH MY LIFE-RAY GUN
AND INCIDENTALLY MAKE SURE
SUPERMAN WON'T INTERFERE
IN CASE HE SHOWS UP!



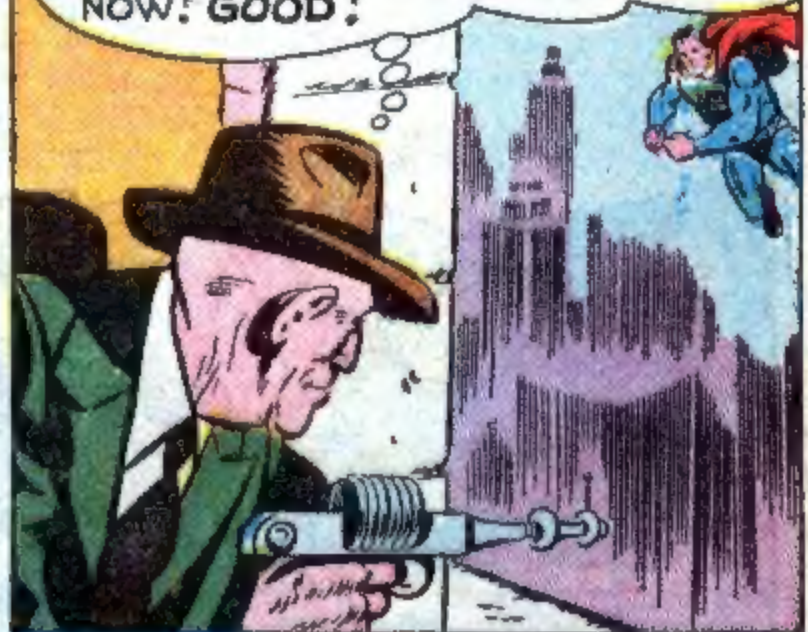
AS THE RAYS OF LUTHOR'S WEAPON
STRIKE THE STATUE...

YES, MISS LANE! I
TRY TO MAKE MY
STATUES VERY
REALISTIC!

THEY CERTAINLY ARE!
THAT STATUE OF ME IS
SO LIFE-LIKE... LIFE-
LIKE! **EEEOW!** IT'S
M-MOVING!



VERY CLEVER OF ME TO
ANTICIPATE THAT **SUPERMAN** MIGHT
SHOW UP TO CHECK ON LOIS LANE'S
WHEREABOUTS! HERE HE COMES
NOW! **GOOD!**



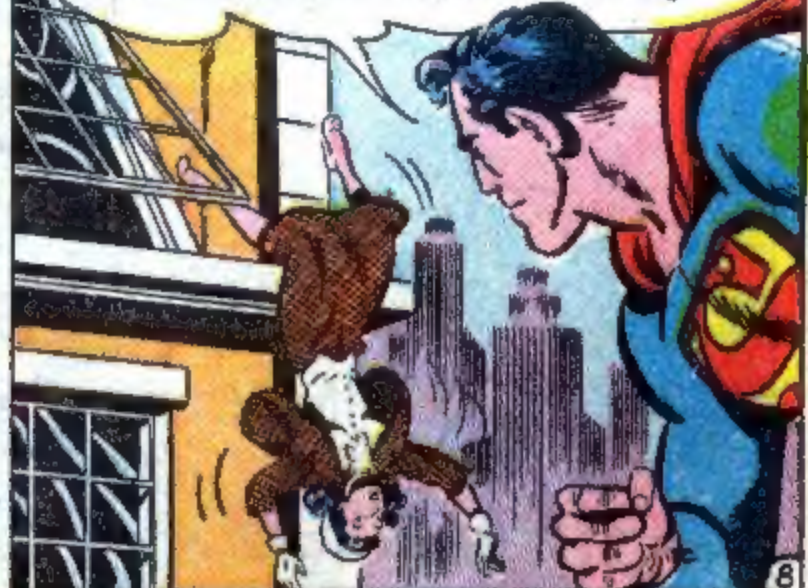
ALL RIGHT, MISS LANE! NOW
WE'LL FIND OUT HOW MUCH
YOUR FRIEND **SUPERMAN**
REALLY LIKES YOU! COME ON!

IT'S LUTHOR--
THE MAD
SCIENTIST!



AND AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW
HURTLES TOWARD THE STUDIO...

PERRY WHITE TOLD ME I'D FIND
LOIS AT THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO...
OH-OH! LUTHOR MUST HAVE GOTTEN
THERE ALREADY! THAT'S LOIS!



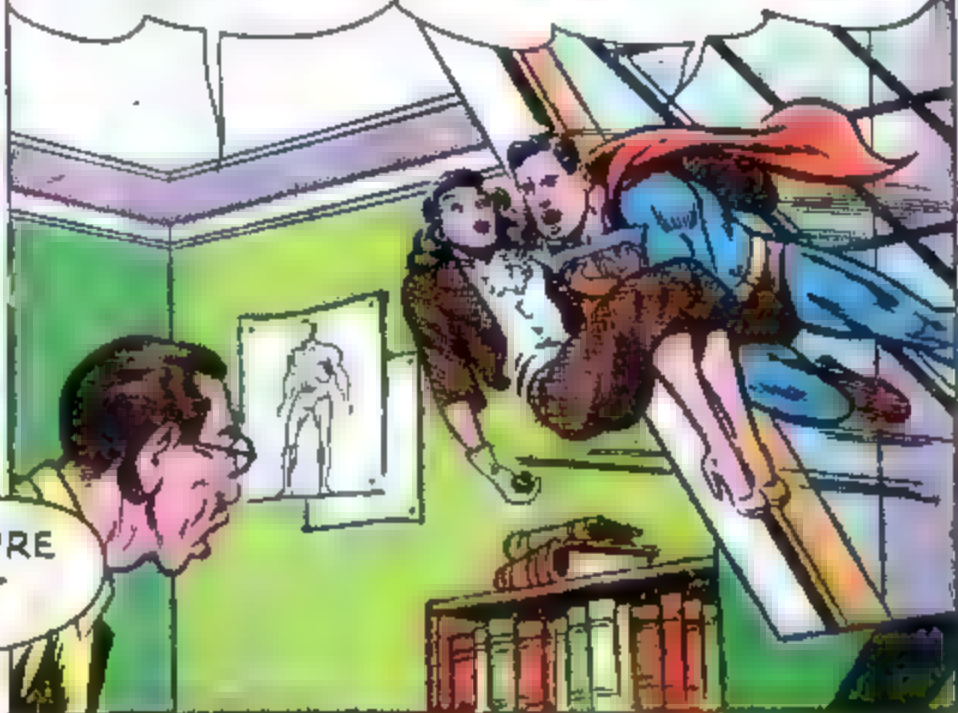
EVEN AS THE FALLING FIGURE OF LOIS LANE IS ABOUT TO HIT THE PAVEMENT, THE MAN OF TOMORROW CATCHES HER...



DON'T WORRY, LOIS! YOU'RE SAFE NOW! POOR GIRL-- LOOKS LIKE SHE'S FAINTED!

SUPERMAN! THANK GOODNESS YOU SAVED HER!

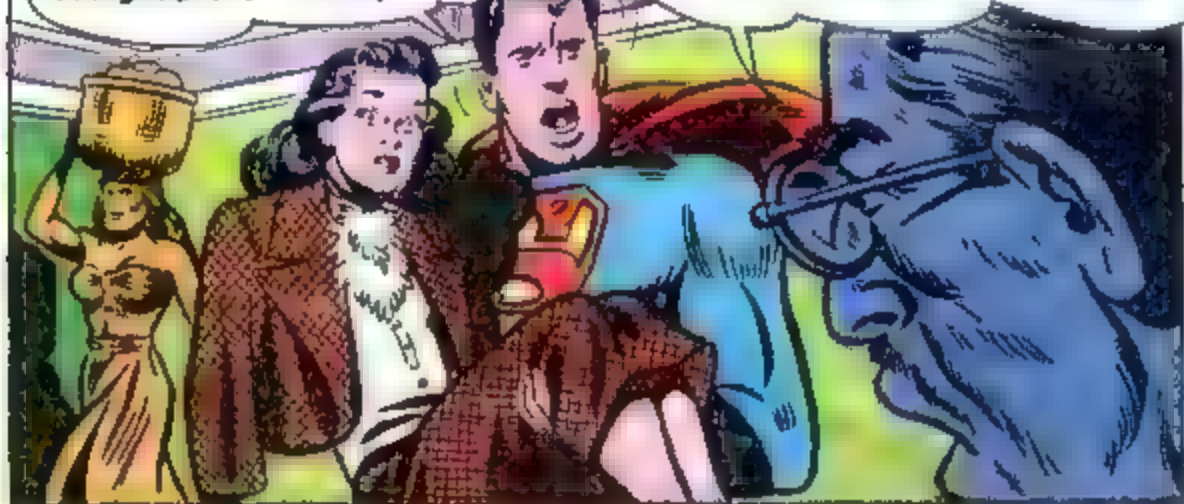
GET A GLASS OF WATER FOR HER--QUICK! LOIS! LOIS! SPEAK TO ME!



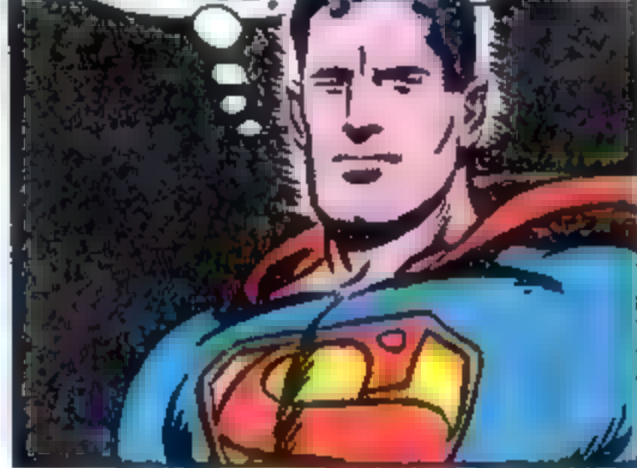
BUT AS THE FIGURE STARES BACK AT SUPERMAN, GLASSY-EYED, REALIZATION DAWNS ON THE MAN OF STEEL!

LOIS! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME LIKE THAT? LOIS... GOOD GRIEF! THIS ISN'T LOIS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SUPERMAN! IT'S THE STATUE I MADE OF HER! THANKS FOR RESCUING IT! BUT LUTHOR GOT AWAY, WITH THE REAL LOIS LANE!



SO LUTHOR KIDNAPED LOIS WHILE I WAS SAVING THAT ANIMATED STATUE OF HER! WHICH MEANS HE PROBABLY WANTS TO KEEP HER AS A HOSTAGE WHILE HE MAKES HIS NEXT MOVE WITH THE LIFE-RAY GUN! BUT WHAT WILL HIS NEXT MOVE BE?



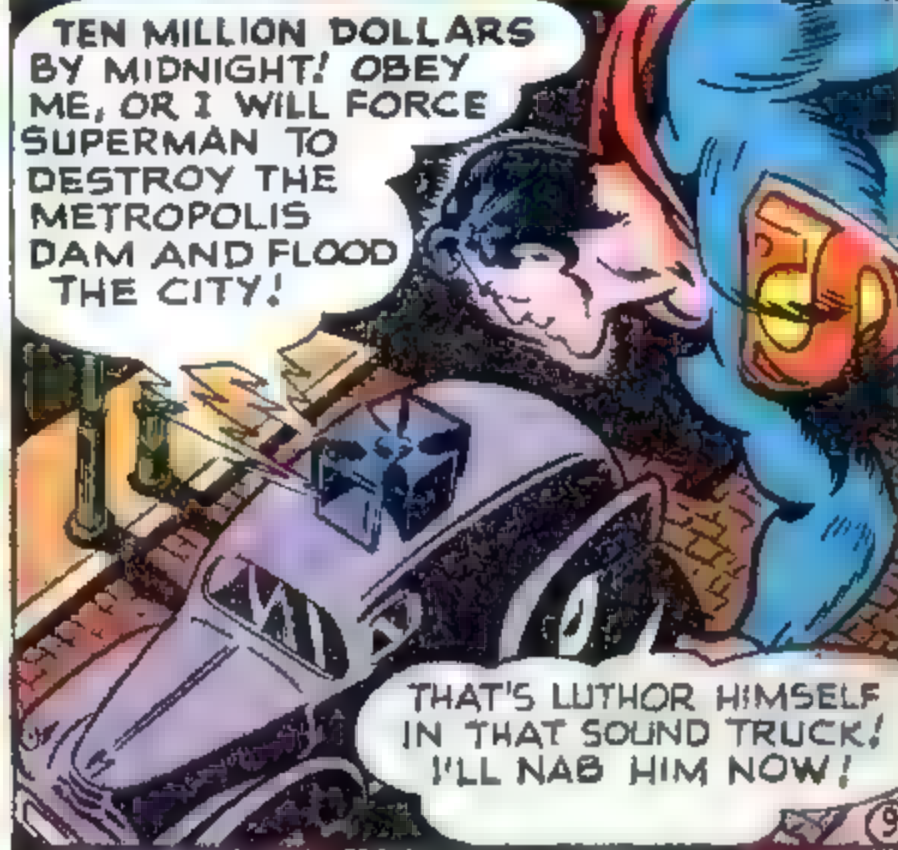
THE ANSWER IS SOON FORTHCOMING! FOR AT THAT MOMENT, THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS ECHO WITH A GIGANTIC ROAR!

ATTENTION, METROPOLIS! LUTHOR SPEAKING! UNLESS YOU LEAVE TEN MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH AT THE TOWN SQUARE AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT, YOU ARE DOOMED!

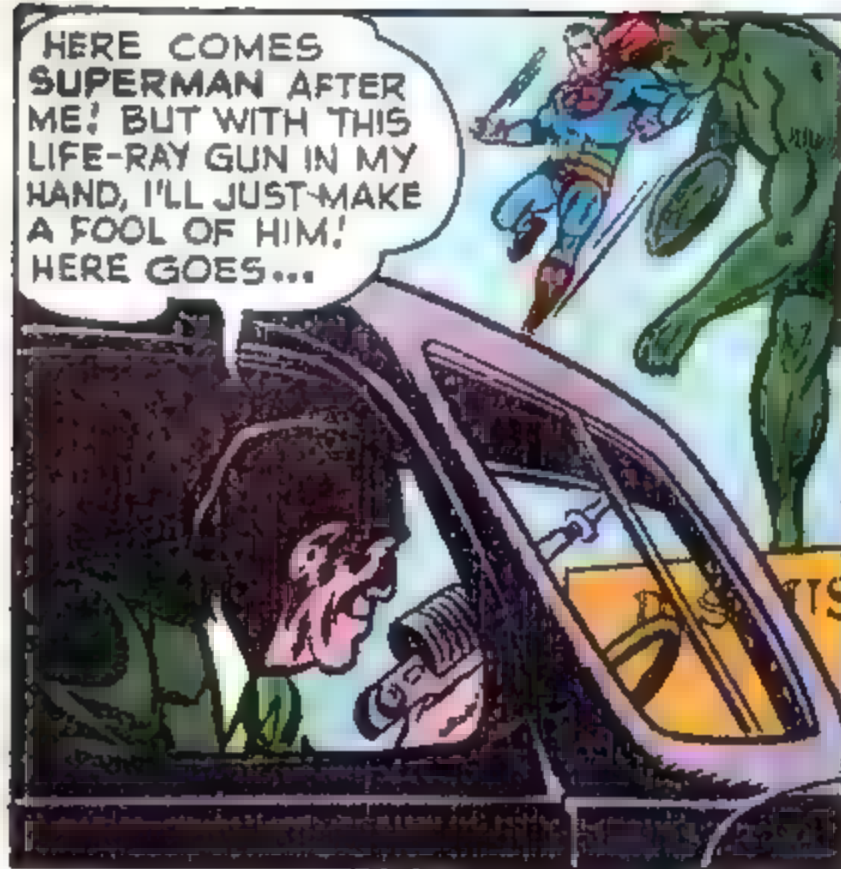
GLORY BE!



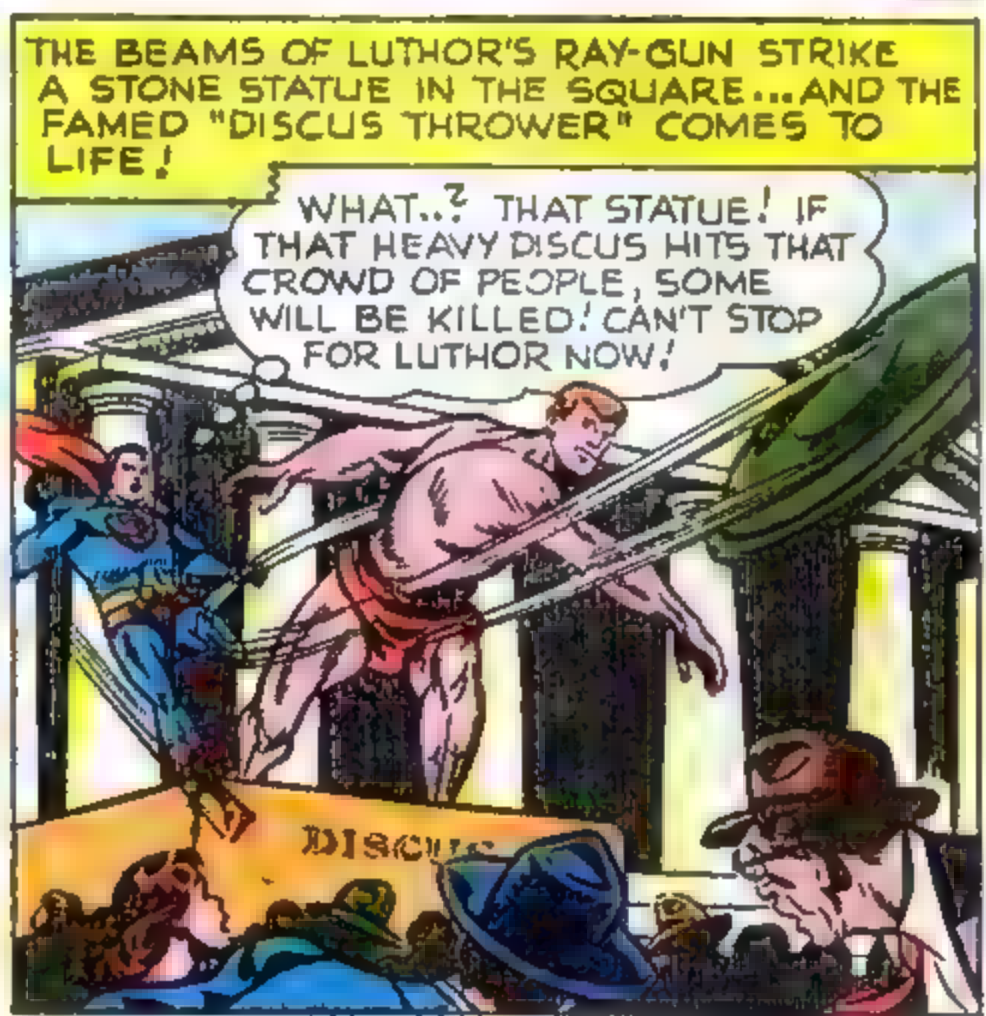
TEN MILLION DOLLARS BY MIDNIGHT! OBEY ME, OR I WILL FORCE SUPERMAN TO DESTROY THE METROPOLIS DAM AND FLOOD THE CITY!



THAT'S LUTHOR HIMSELF IN THAT SOUND TRUCK! I'LL NAB HIM NOW!



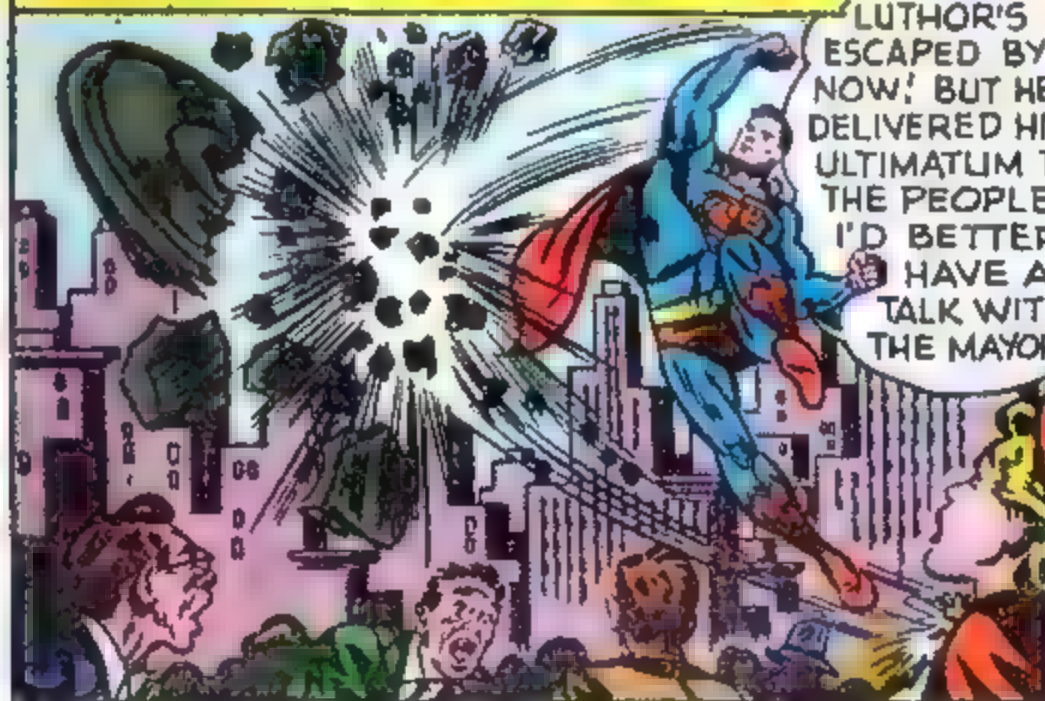
HERE COMES SUPERMAN AFTER ME! BUT WITH THIS LIFE-RAY GUN IN MY HAND, I'LL JUST MAKE A FOOL OF HIM! HERE GOES...



THE BEAMS OF LUTHOR'S RAY-GUN STRIKE A STONE STATUE IN THE SQUARE...AND THE FAMED "DISCUS THROWER" COMES TO LIFE!

WHAT...? THAT STATUE! IF THAT HEAVY DISCUS HITS THAT CROWD OF PEOPLE, SOME WILL BE KILLED! CAN'T STOP FOR LUTHOR NOW!

AS THE DISCUS SAILS THROUGH SPACE TOWARD THE COVERING MOB, ONE POWERFUL SMASH OF A MIGHTY STEEL FIST PULVERIZES IT IN MID-AIR!

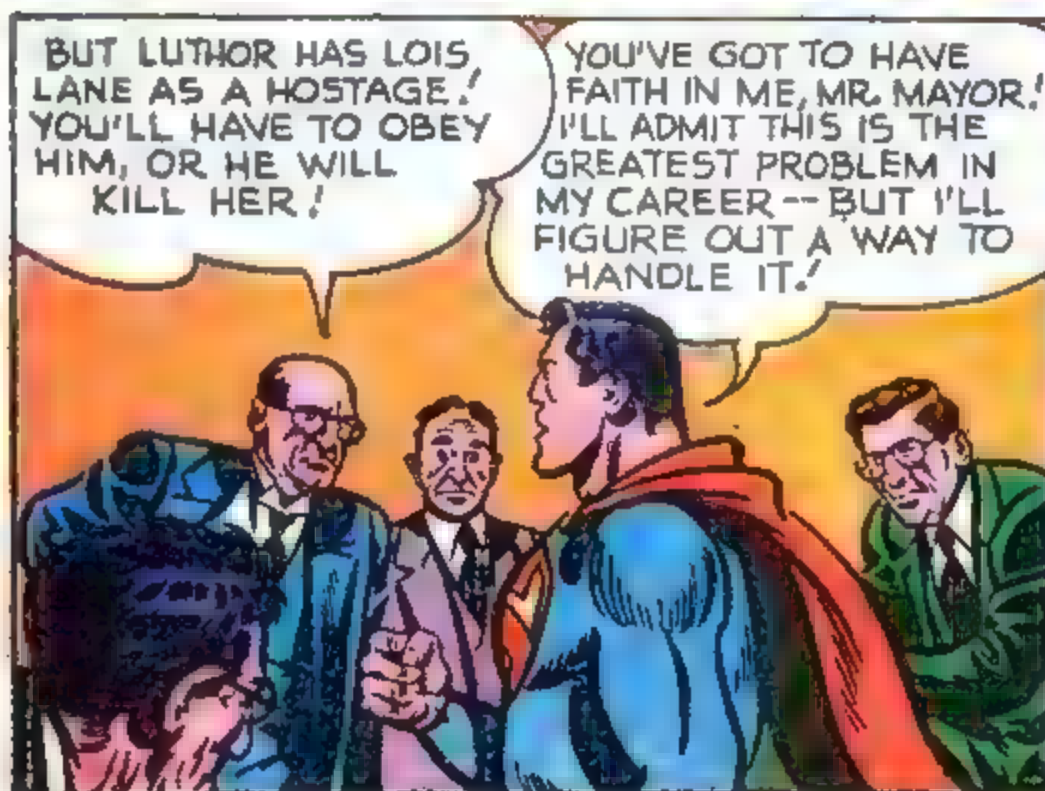


LUTHOR'S ESCAPED BY NOW! BUT HE'S DELIVERED HIS ULTIMATUM TO THE PEOPLE! I'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH THE MAYOR!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

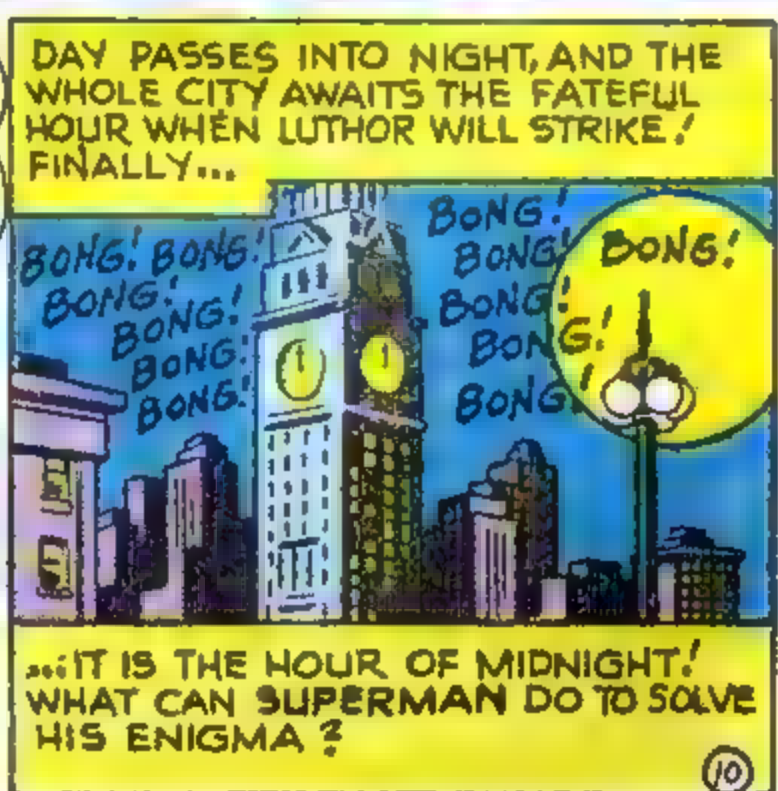
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT US TO PAY THE MONEY TO LUTHOR, SUPERMAN? BUT HE'LL MAKE YOU DESTROY THE CITY IF WE DON'T!

MR. MAYOR, I'LL NEVER DO THAT! YOU KNOW ME WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW I'D NEVER PERMIT HARM TO COME TO METROPOLIS!



BUT LUTHOR HAS LOIS LANE AS A HOSTAGE! YOU'LL HAVE TO OBEY HIM, OR HE WILL KILL HER!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE FAITH IN ME, MR. MAYOR! I'LL ADMIT THIS IS THE GREATEST PROBLEM IN MY CAREER-- BUT I'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO HANDLE IT!



DAY PASSES INTO NIGHT, AND THE WHOLE CITY AWAITS THE FATEFUL HOUR WHEN LUTHOR WILL STRIKE! FINALLY...

BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!

...IT IS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT! WHAT CAN SUPERMAN DO TO SOLVE HIS ENIGMA?

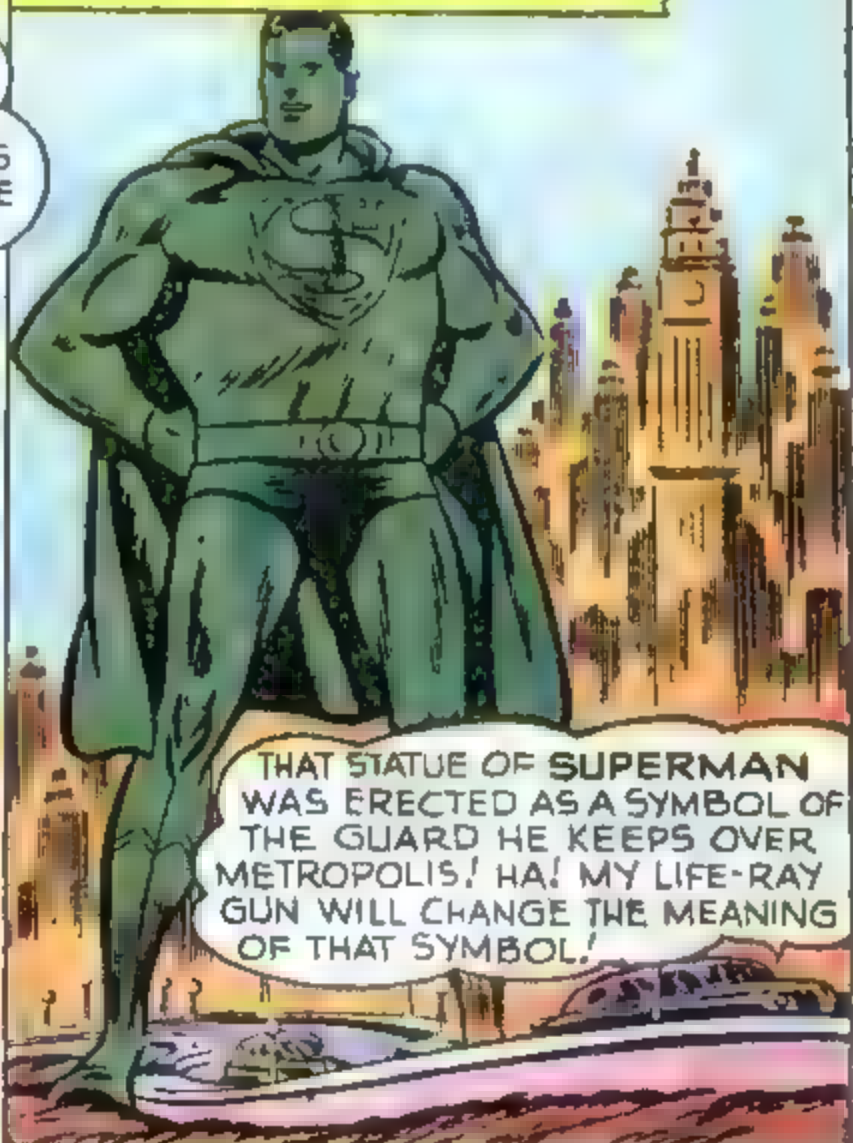
AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE, LUTHOR'S MEN VAINLY SEARCH THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL!

YOU LOSE, LUTHOR! THE PEOPLE DIDN'T LEAVE THE MONEY FOR YOU!

THE FOOLS! I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL DESTROY THE DAM! AND WITH YOU ALONG AS HOSTAGE, MISS LANE-- THEY WON'T DARE TO STOP ME!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE METROPOLIS RIVER...



THAT STATUE OF SUPERMAN WAS ERECTED AS A SYMBOL OF THE GUARD HE KEEPS OVER METROPOLIS! HA! MY LIFE-RAY GUN WILL CHANGE THE MEANING OF THAT SYMBOL!

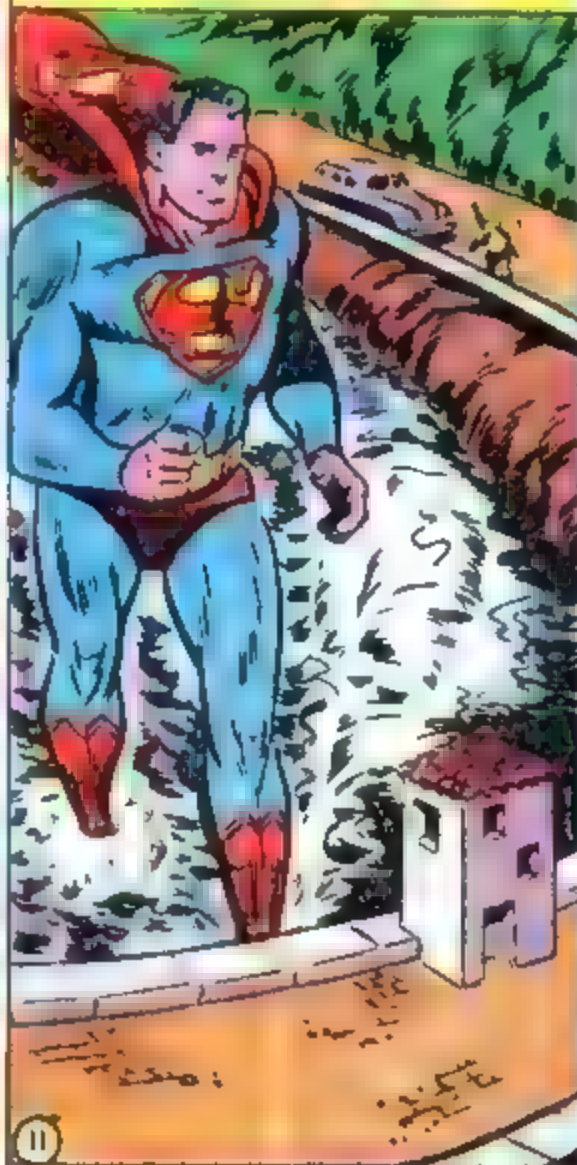
AND AS LUTHOR AIMS HIS LIFE-RAY GUN ON THE COLOSSAL STONE IMAGE OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW, IT SLOWLY STIRS-- AND COMES TO LIFE!

OH, G-GOLLY! IT--IT'S ALIVE!

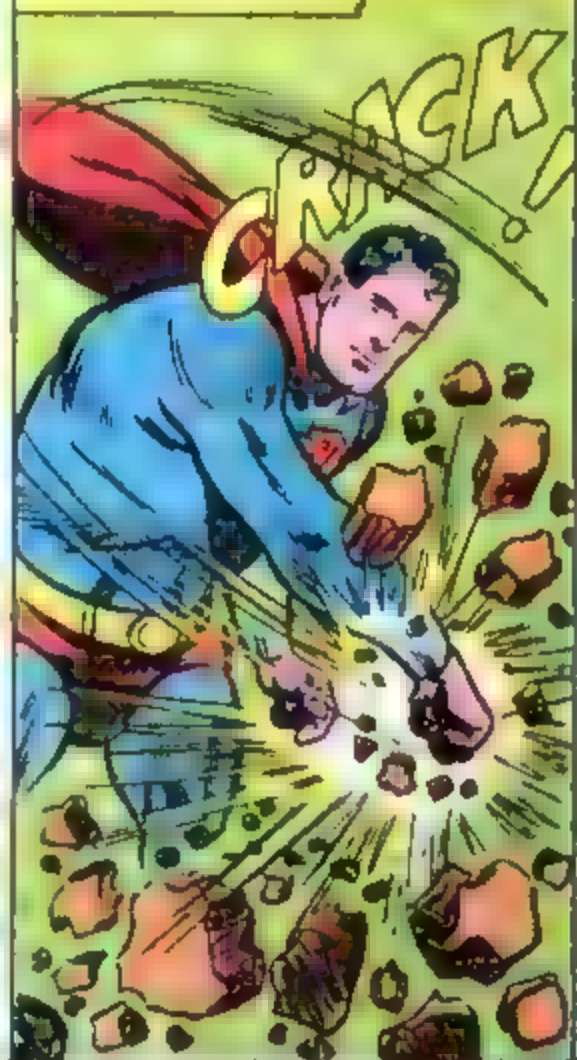
OF COURSE, IT IS! I NEVER FAIL, MISS LANE! NOW SEE HOW THIS STONE SUPERMAN WILL DESTROY THE DAM--AS I PREDICTED!



GRIMLY, METHODICALLY, THE ANIMATED COLOSSUS WALKS!



RAISING ONE OF ITS HUGE, MONSTROUS HANDS, THE HULKING FIGURE CLENCHES IT INTO A GIGANTIC FIST-- AND STRIKES!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A NORMAL-SIZE REPLICA OF THE COLOSSUS ARRIVES — SUPERMAN HIMSELF!

ONE SIDE, BROTHER! YOU MAY LOOK LIKE ME —

... BUT YOU SURE DON'T ACT LIKE ME! NOW I'VE GOT TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE!

EVEN AS HIS STONE SUBSTITUTE STRUGGLES TO REGAIN ITS BALANCE, SUPERMAN REBUILDS THE DAM WITH SUPERHUMAN SPEED!

GOT TO WORK FAST! LUTHOR'S GOT LOIS DOWN IN HIS CAR, AND THEY'RE MAKING A GETAWAY ALONG THE RIVER ROAD!

CATAPULTED OFF ITS FEET BY THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF SUPERMAN'S BLOWS, THE GIANT FIGURE CRASHES TO EARTH!

BLAST IT! WE'RE TRAPPED!

YOU SURE ARE, LUTHOR! AND HERE COMES SUPERMAN TO GET YOU NOW! YIPPEE!

THEN THE MAN OF TOMORROW TURNS ON THE MONSTER IMAGE OF HIMSELF—AND LETS LOOSE A SHATTERING BARRAGE OF STEEL FISTS!

SORRY TO DO THIS, ER, SUPERMAN! BUT THEY SAY THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL! AND I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE YOU FALL JUST THE WAY I WANT YOU TO!

L
A
T
E
R

ALL THE STATUES HAVE FROZEN BACK TO STONE! AND SUPERMAN DESTROYED LUTHOR'S LIFE-RAY GUN WHEN HE TOOK HIM TO JAIL! SO THE CITY'S SAFE AGAIN, AND... CLARK! YOU AREN'T LISTENING!

HUH? OH, EXCUSE ME, LOIS! ("— MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL TELL LOIS WHO I REALLY AM! THEN I WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO HER TWICE-TOLD TALES!—")

CHAMPION
SHORTSTOP
OF THE
CHICAGO
WHITE
SOX

Luke APPLING

WON'T HE
EVER RETIRE?

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'? HE
EATS HIS
WHEATIES!

LIKE "OL' MAN RIVER," LUKE APPLING
KEEPS ROLLING ALONG. IN NINETEEN SEASONS
WITH WHITE SOX THE "AGELESS" APPLING HAS
PLAYED 2372 GAMES, COLLECTED 2719 HITS
—FOR LIFETIME BATTING
AVERAGE OF .311!

CAN'T
MISS WITH
WHEATIES!

NOW WHEN I FLASH
THIS — WE PUT ON
THE HIT-AND-RUN!

LUKE IS ONE OF BASEBALL'S
CRAFTIEST HIT-AND-RUN
BATTERS. HIS SOLID
SMASHES TO RIGHT FIELD
LAST SEASON HELPED BOOST
HIS AVERAGE OVER .300
MARK FOR 16TH TIME IN
MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER!

"I'M MIGHTY CAREFUL IN LOOKING
AFTER MY TRAINING DIET," SAYS LUKE
APPLING. "A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT
AND WHEATIES IS MY FAVORITE TRAINING
DISH. WHEATIES ARE NOURISHING — AND
SWELL FOR FLAVOR." HOW ABOUT YOU —
— HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY?

WHEATIES

BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS

WITH
MILK
AND
FRUIT



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THUNDERING OUT OF AMERICA'S MOST DANGER-FILLED DAYS...

FEATURE FILMS MAGAZINE THE *Eagle* AND THE *Hawk*

Thundering hoofs...
Plundering guns...
And the strong men
and dangerous women
of old Texas!

STARRING
**John
PAYNE**
**Rhonda
FLEMING**
**Dennis
O'KEEFE**

...COMES A THRILLING
CHAPTER OF OUR
NATION'S UNSUNG
HEROES!

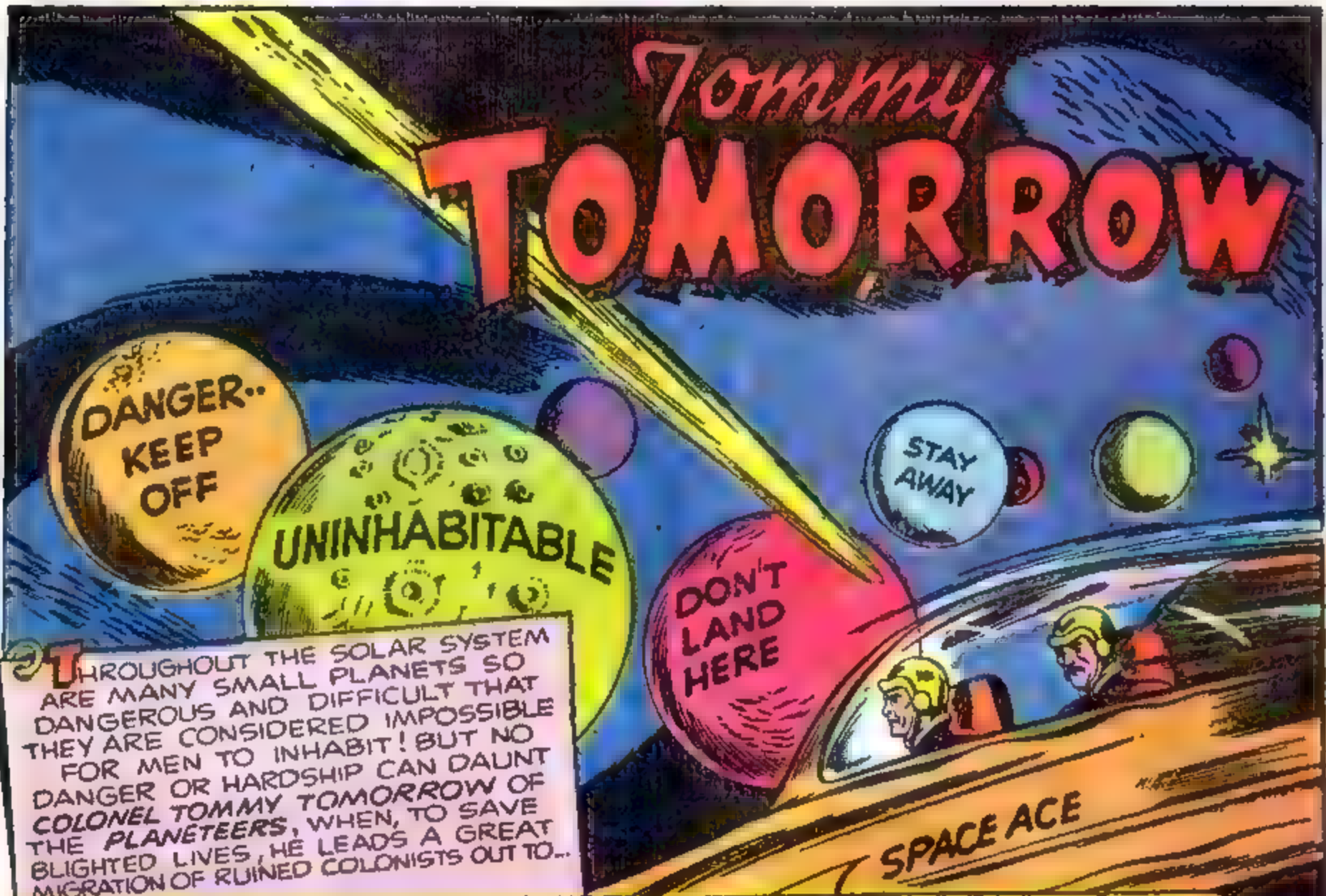
Paramount's
DRAMATIC STORY
OF A BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN WHO HELD
IN HER HANDS THE
FATE OF A NATION...
AND IN HER HEART
THE LOVE OF A
TWO-FISTED MAN
WHO FOUGHT FOR
IT!

BOOM!

A COMPLETE PICTURE-STORY
OF A THRILLING
NEW MOVIE **BEFORE**
IT HITS THE SCREEN!

*Read it—
then see it
on the screen!*



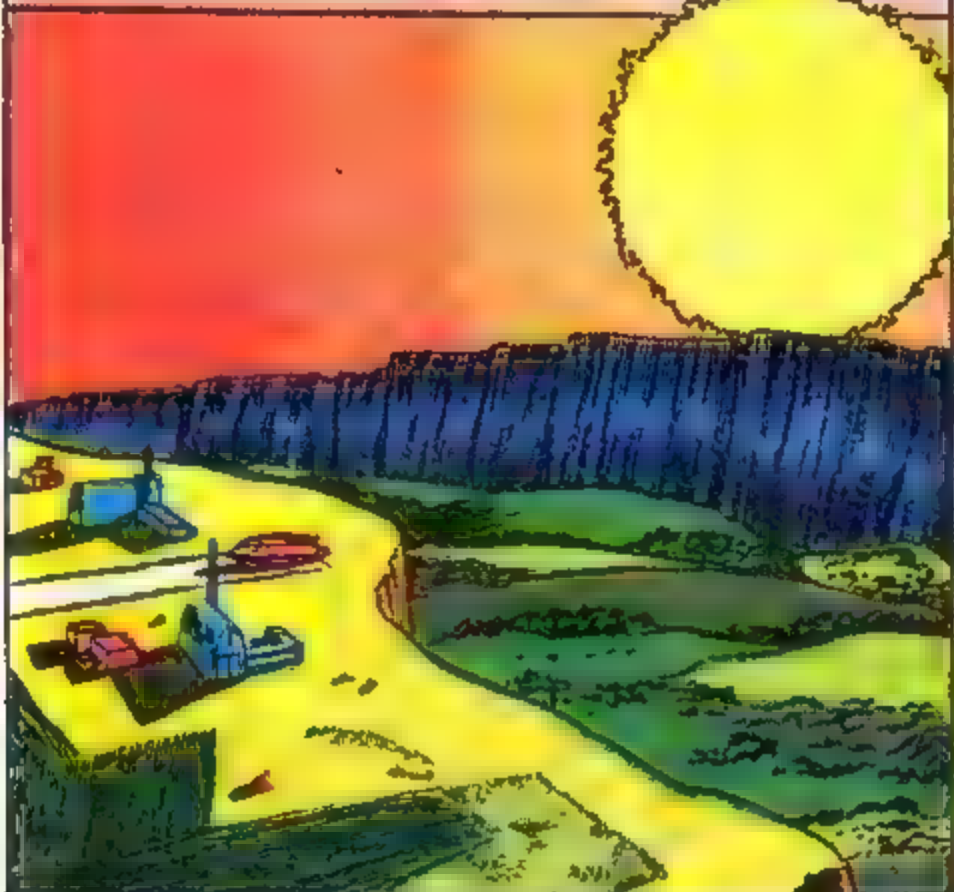


Tommy TOMORROW

THROUGHOUT THE SOLAR SYSTEM ARE MANY SMALL PLANETS SO DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT THAT THEY ARE CONSIDERED IMPOSSIBLE FOR MEN TO INHABIT! BUT NO DANGER OR HARDSHIP CAN DAUNT COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS, WHEN, TO SAVE BLIGHTED LIVES, HE LEADS A GREAT MIGRATION OF RUINED COLONISTS OUT TO...

"The Impossible Worlds!"

ON THE PLANET MERCURY, COLONISTS FROM EARTH TOIL TO MAKE NEW FARM-HOMES ON THE LAND THEY HAVE BOUGHT!



BUT WITH THEIR FIRST SUMMER, THEY FIND THE SUN CAN BE A MOST TERRIBLE ENEMY HERE!



OUR CROPS ARE ALL WITHERING!

HARKER DIDN'T TELL US SUMMER WOULD BE *THIS* HOT... WHEN HE SOLD US THIS PLATEAU!

FOTTER BLAZES THE GIANT ORB, UNTIL SOON...

OUR CROPS ARE ALL BURNED OUT! WE'RE RUINED!

AND HARKER KNEW IT'D HAPPEN! HE CHEATED US, BUT WE'LL GO DOWN THERE AND GET OUR MONEY BACK!

BUT BLADE HARKER... CUNNING INTERPLANETARY PROMOTER, IS NOT ONE TO RETURN MONEY!

THE SLIN DOESN'T REACH YOUR BIG ESTATE DOWN HERE IN THE VALLEY, BUT IT'S RUINED OUR CROPS! WE'LL SELL YOU THE LAND BACK!

NOTHING DOING! I DIDN'T GUARANTEE THE WEATHER FOR YOU!

WHY, YOU SWINDLING CROOK...

HELP! POLICE! PLANETEERS!

COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, ON MERCURY ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS, INTERVENES...

VIOLENCE WON'T HELP YOU, MEN! LEGALLY, HARKER IS RIGHT!

YOU SEE! NOW GET OFF MY ESTATE!

RETURNING WITH THE CRUSHED, DESPAIRING COLONISTS...

WE'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT NOTHING BUT THE OLD SECOND HAND SPACE SHIPS WE CAME TO MERCURY IN! WHAT'LL WE DO?

IF THE GOVERNMENT GAVE YOU FREE LAND ON OTHER WORLDS... WOULD YOU MOVE TO THEM?

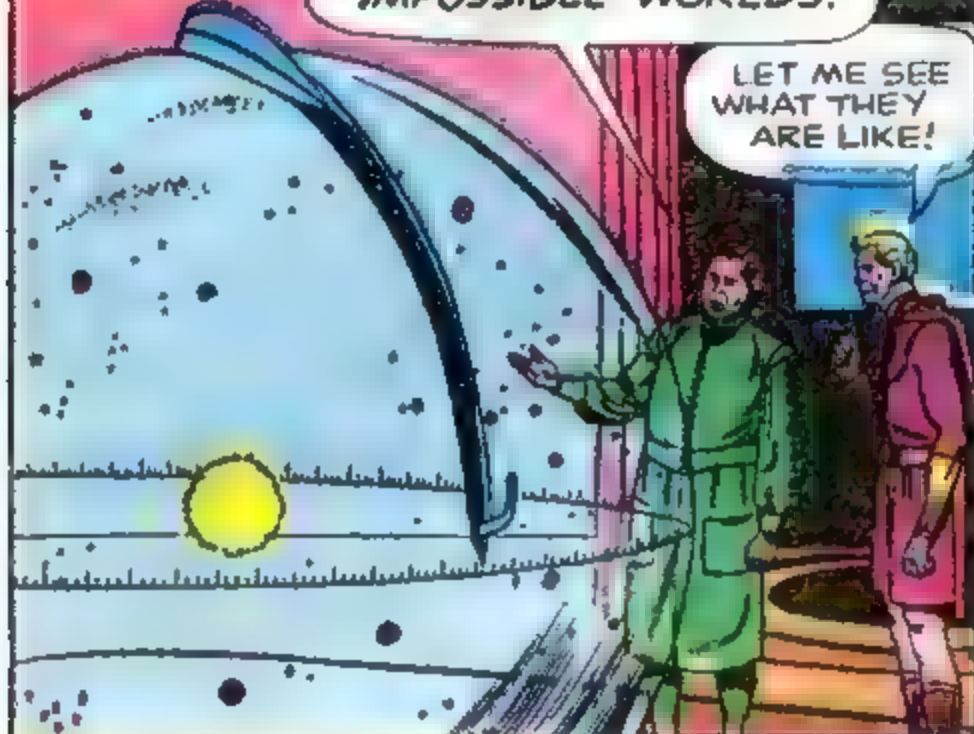
WE SURE WOULD! HERE WE'LL JUST STARVE!

I'LL MAKE A QUICK TRIP TO EARTH... AND DO EVERYTHING I CAN FOR YOU!

BUT IN THE GOVERNMENT BUREAUS ON EARTH, TOMMY TOMORROW IS BADLY DISAPPOINTED!

THE ONLY FREE LAND LEFT IS ON SOME SMALL WORLDS THAT ARE SO DANGEROUS AND UNINHABITABLE, WE CALL THEM THE **IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS!**

LET ME SEE WHAT THEY ARE LIKE!



SOON...

THEY **DO** SEEM IMPOSSIBLE TO COLONIZE...YET SOMEHOW, IT HAS TO BE DONE! I'LL GET AUTHORITY TO HELP THOSE PEOPLE SETTLE ON THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE BOUND TO FAIL!



RETURNING TO MERCURY...

IF YOU FOLLOW ME, WE CAN CONQUER THE SO-CALLED IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS! GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN US THE RIGHT TO COLONIZE THEM IF WE CAN!

BUT WE'RE ALL PENNILESS...WE WON'T HAVE ANY TOOLS OR SUPPLIES TO START WITH!

I PROMISE TO SEE YOU GET THE NECESSARY TOOLS AND SUPPLIES, AFTER YOU'RE SETTLED!

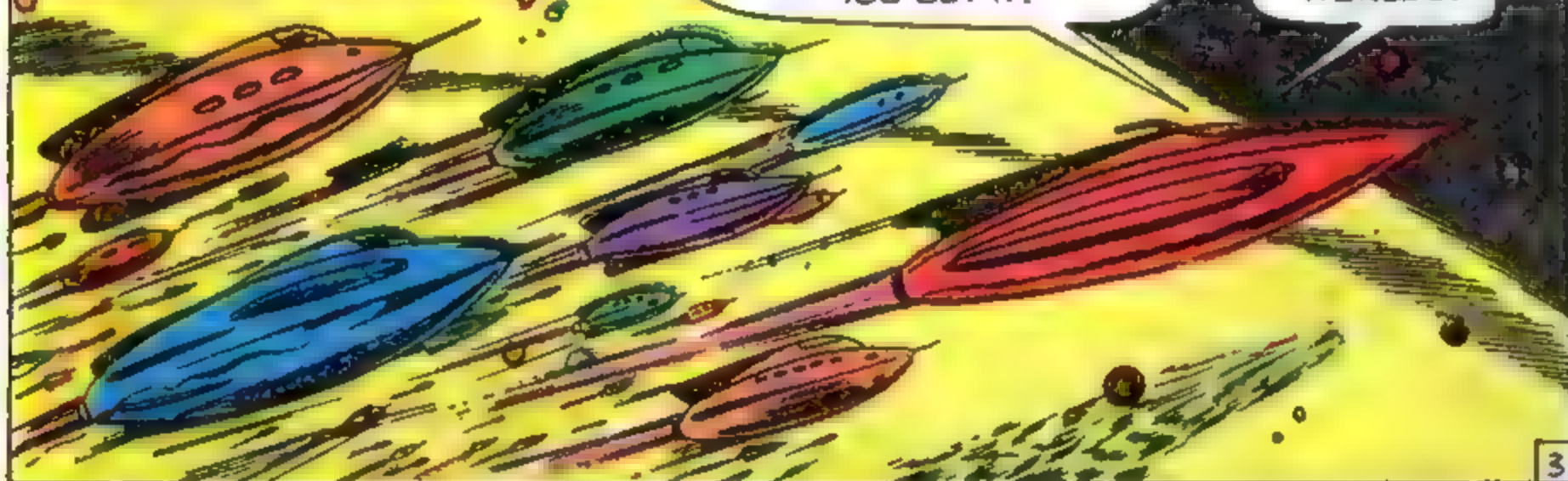
MISTER, WE'LL FOLLOW YOU! WE'LL START LOADING OUR FAMILIES AND POSSESSIONS INTO OUR SHIPS, RIGHT NOW!



SOON, BATTERED, CREAKY OLD SHIPS TAKE OFF IN A GREAT MIGRATION LED BY THE FAMOUS PLANETEER!

BUT TOMMY, THE TOOLS AND SUPPLIES YOU PROMISED THEM WILL COST A LOT OF MONEY! WHERE WILL YOU GET IT?

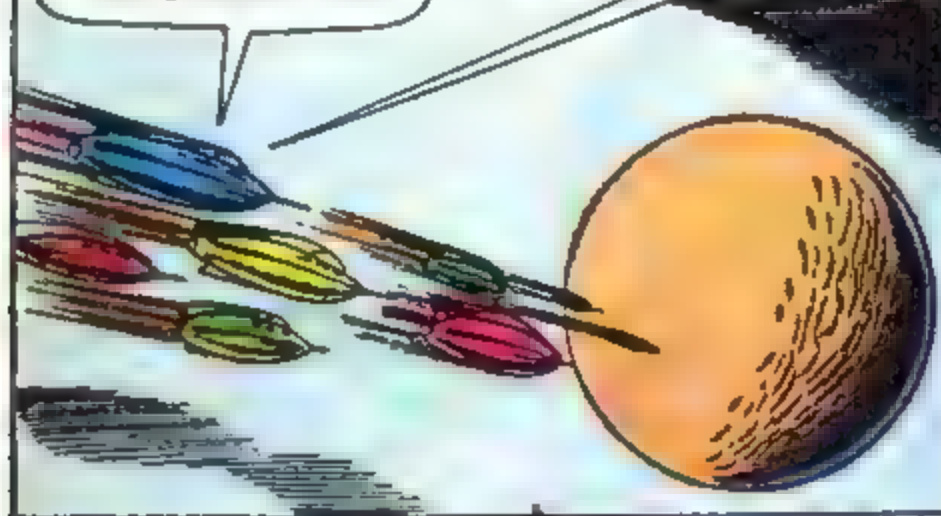
I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT AFTER WE'VE LICKED THE PROBLEM OF THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS!



THE FIRST OF THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE INDEED AS A HUMAN HABITATION!

WHY, THIS LITTLE WORLD DOESN'T ROTATE...IT'S ALWAYS DAY ON ONE SIDE...AND ALWAYS NIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE!

NONE OF US COULD LIVE ON A WORLD LIKE THIS!



BUT TOMMY TOMORROW HAS A SCHEME!

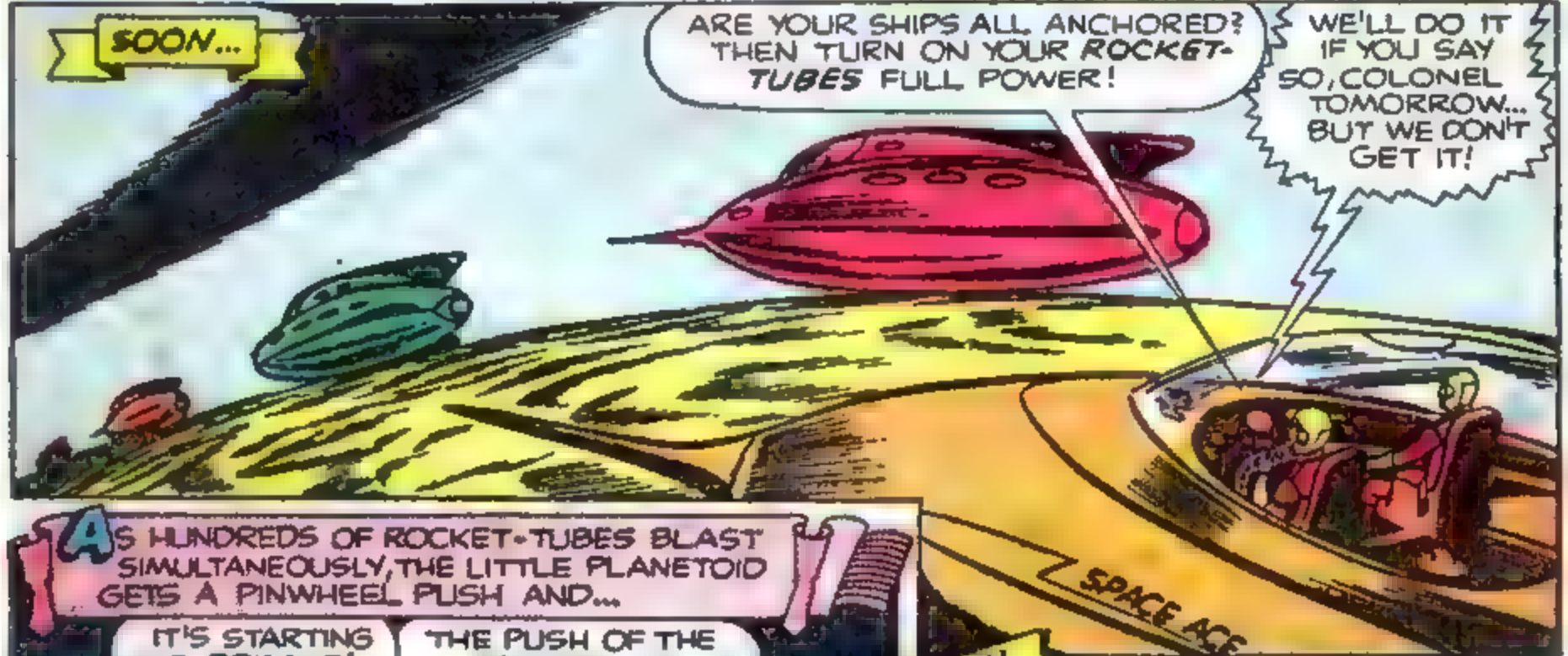
THIS WOULD BE A FERTILE LITTLE WORLD IF IT ROTATED...SO WE'LL MAKE IT ROTATE! ANCHOR YOUR SHIPS IN A CIRCLE AROUND THE EQUATOR OF THIS PLANETOID!



SOON...

ARE YOUR SHIPS ALL ANCHORED? THEN TURN ON YOUR ROCKET-TUBES FULL POWER!

WE'LL DO IT IF YOU SAY SO, COLONEL TOMORROW... BUT WE DON'T GET IT!



AS HUNDREDS OF ROCKET-TUBES BLAST SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE LITTLE PLANETOID GETS A PINWHEEL PUSH AND...

IT'S STARTING TO ROTATE!

THE PUSH OF THE ROCKETS IS MAKING IT TURN!



THEN...

NOW THAT THIS WORLD HAS DAY AND NIGHT, YOU CAN LIVE HERE! THE REST WILL COME WITH ME TO THE OTHER WORLDS!

WE'RE COUNTING ON YOUR PROMISE TO GET US THE TOOLS AND SUPPLIES WE'LL NEED!



VALIANTLY THE REST OF THE COLONISTS BLAST ON THROUGH SPACE TO THE NEXT FORBIDDING WORLD... **RAINBOW WORLD!**

THIS PLANETOID'S MOON IS A **GIANT CRYSTAL**...A PRISM THAT BREAKS SUNLIGHT INTO ITS SPECTRUM!

IT'S **BEAUTIFUL, BUT...**

SOON, TAKING OFF AND HEADING TOWARD THE STRANGE PRISM SATELLITE...

WHY DID YOU PUT THAT HEAVY METAL RAM ON THE **SPACE ACE**? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

THAT GIANT PRISM IS A **CRYSTAL**...AND WHEN A BLOW IS DELIVERED TO A CRYSTAL ON ITS LINE OF CLEAVAGE...

...IT WILL **SPLIT!**

GOOD THING IT DID, OR WE'D HAVE BEEN WRECKED!

THERE'S LAND FOR MORE OF YOU HERE, NOW THE SUNLIGHT IS NORMAL! I'LL SEE YOU GET TOOLS SOON...THE REST OF US WILL GO ON!

...BUT WE COULDN'T GROW **ANYTHING** HERE...WITH THE SUNLIGHT BROKEN UP LIKE THIS!

I'M HOPING TO REMEDY THAT...WHEN MY CREW FINISHES INSTALLING A HEAVY METAL RAM ON THE PROW OF MY **SPACE ACE!**



**ON TO ANOTHER OF THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS...
A WORLD OF STRANGE MONSTERS!**

WHAT ARE THEY?

CAVE-MONSTERS. THAT COME OUT OF INTERIOR DEPTHS BY NIGHT! THEY'RE EYELESS, BUT MOVE BY HEARING!

THOSE BEASTS ARE GOING TO ATTACK US... GUNS WON'T STOP THEM!

DON'T USE GUNS! START YOUR SHIPS' ROCKET MOTORS AS LOUD AS YOU CAN!

SINCE THEIR HEARING IS SO SENSITIVE, LOUD NOISE DAZES THEM! THEY WON'T DARE BOTHER YOU AGAIN!

AND SOME OF US CAN LIVE HERE NOW!

ROAR-RR!

SOON-

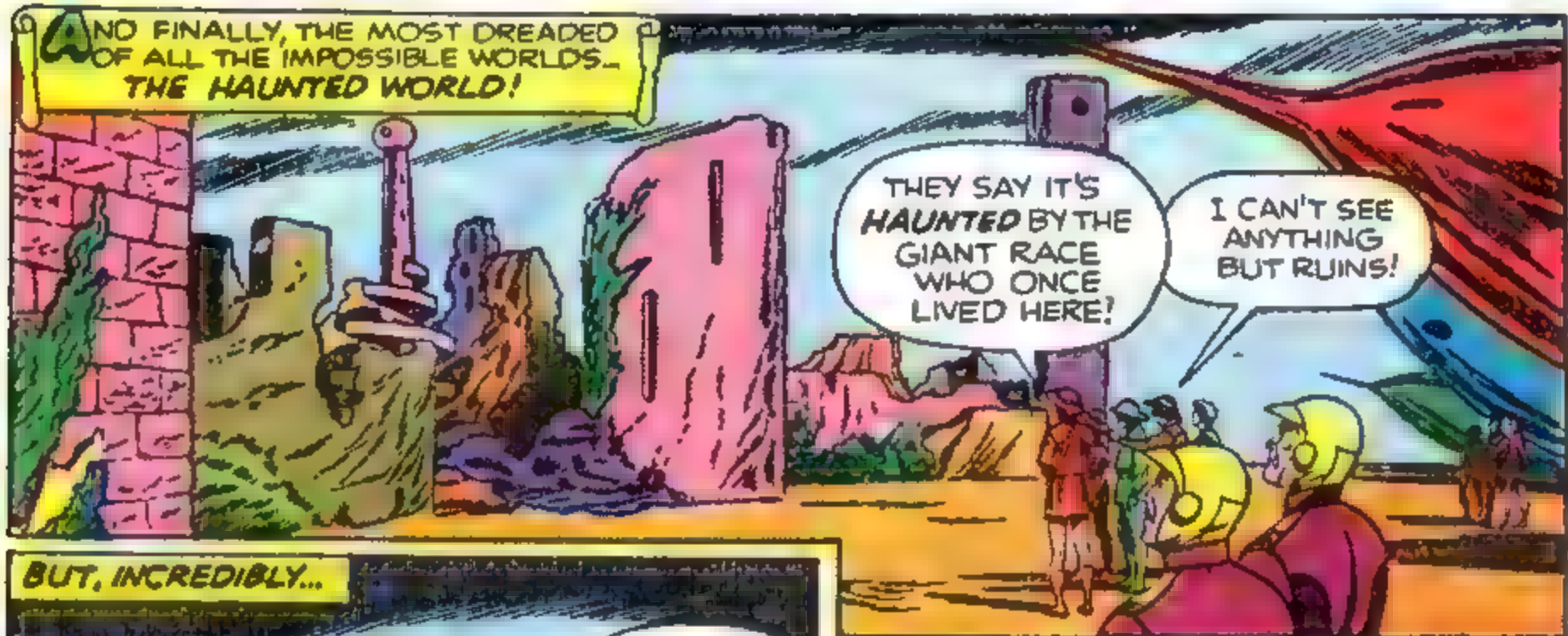
AND THEN ON TO THE LIGHTNING WORLD OF GREAT ELECTRIC STORMS!

WE CAN'T LIVE IN LIGHTNING LIKE THIS!

BY TAKING SOME OF YOUR SHIPS APART AND USING THE GIRDERS IN THEM...WE CAN BEAT THAT LIGHTNING!

THE LIGHTNING-MASTS OF GIRDERS WILL PROTECT YOU... AND LATER YOU CAN HARNESS THAT TERRIFIC POWER FOR USEFUL PURPOSES!

THANKS, COLONEL TOMORROW! WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THE TOOLS AND SUPPLIES YOU PROMISED!



THEY SAY IT'S
HAUNTED BY THE
GIANT RACE
WHO ONCE
LIVED HERE!

I CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING
BUT RUINS!

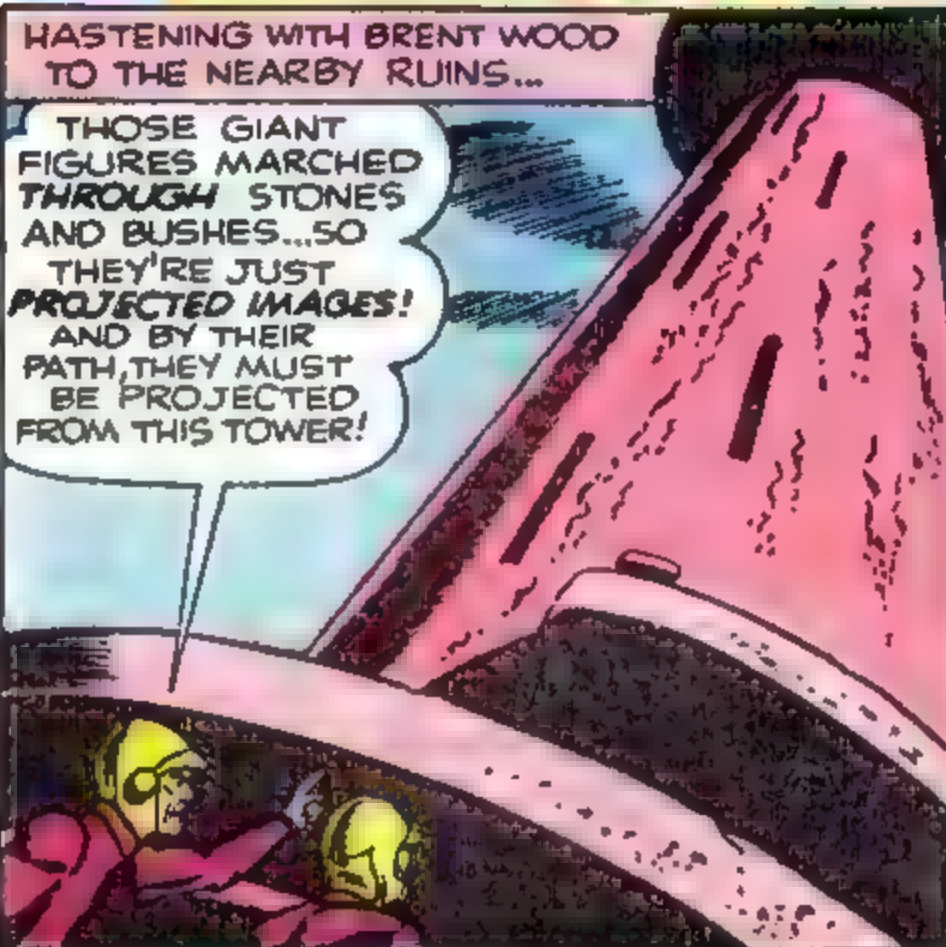


LOOK!
THE STORY
WAS
TRUE!



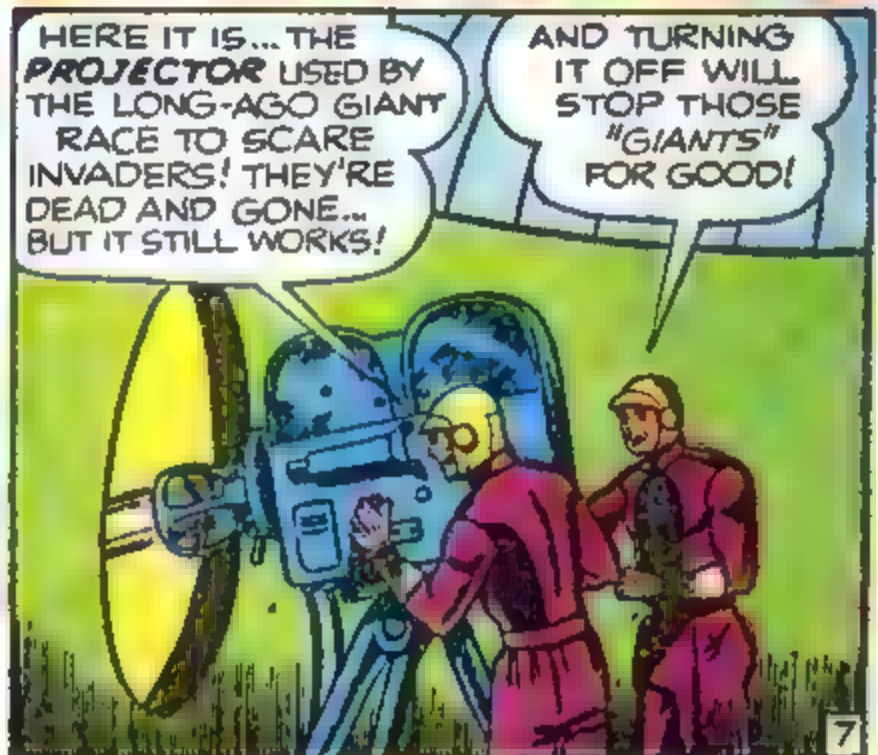
RAY-GUNS
DON'T HURT
THEM! THEY
JUST
COME ON!

GUNS ARE NO
USE... WAIT
HERE, I THINK
I'VE GUESSED
THE SECRET
OF THIS
HAUNTED
WORLD!



HASTENING WITH BRENT WOOD
TO THE NEARBY RUINS...

THOSE GIANT
FIGURES MARCHED
THROUGH STONES
AND BUSHES... SO
THEY'RE JUST
PROJECTED IMAGES!
AND BY THEIR
PATH, THEY MUST
BE PROJECTED
FROM THIS TOWER!



HERE IT IS... THE
PROJECTOR USED BY
THE LONG-AGO GIANT
RACE TO SCARE
INVADERS! THEY'RE
DEAD AND GONE...
BUT IT STILL WORKS!

AND TURNING
IT OFF WILL
STOP THOSE
"GIANTS"
FOR GOOD!

WITH THE LAST COLONISTS SETTLED... TOMMY PREPARES TO LEAVE!

THANKS, COLONEL! WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THE TOOLS YOU PROMISED!

TOMMY, WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR THE TOOLS AND SUPPLIES YOU PROMISED THOSE PEOPLE?

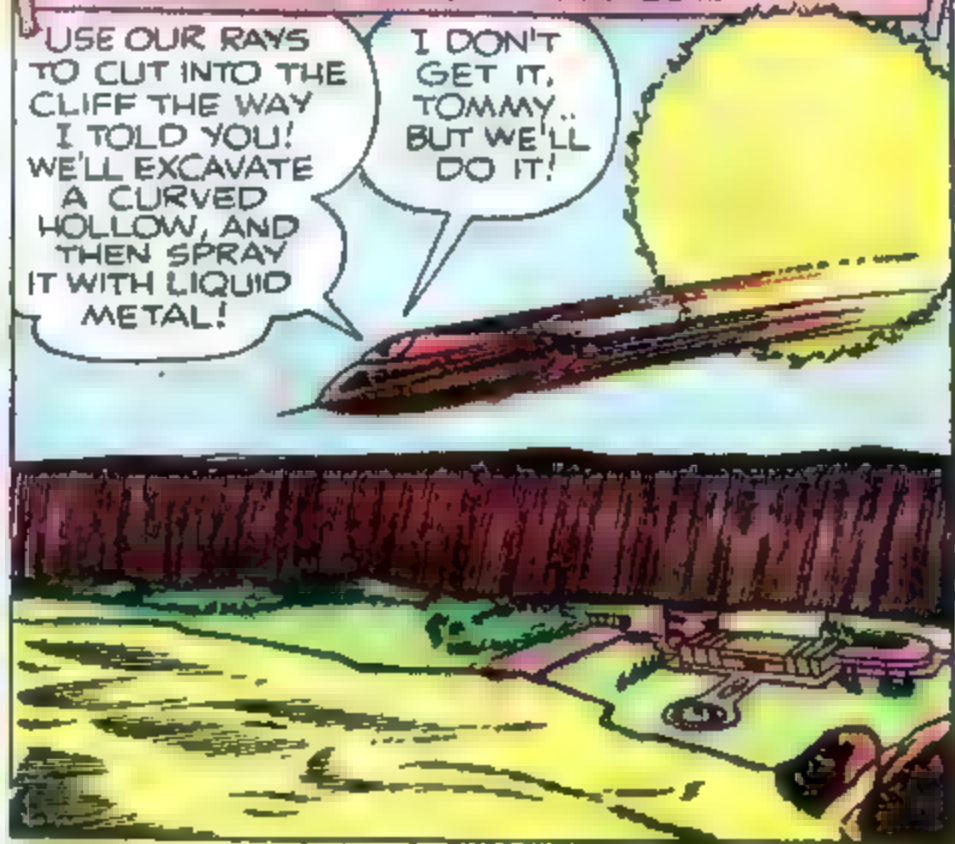
YOU'LL SEE!



FLASHING BACK TO MERCURY, WHERE THE GREAT MIGRATION STARTED...

USE OUR RAYS TO CUT INTO THE CLIFF THE WAY I TOLD YOU! WE'LL EXCAVATE A CURVED HOLLOW, AND THEN SPRAY IT WITH LIQUID METAL!

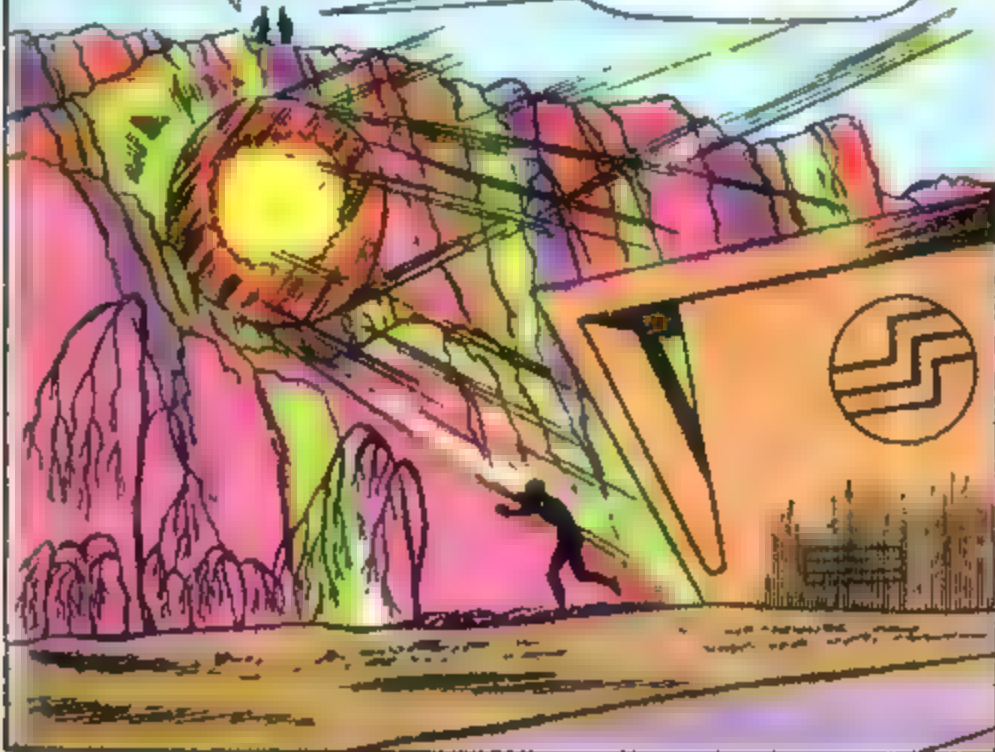
I DON'T GET IT, TOMMY... BUT WE'LL DO IT!



The RESULT OF THEIR WORK IS...

A HUGE REFLECTING MIRROR, THAT REFLECTS THE WITHERING SUN DOWN ONTO HARKER'S VALLEY ESTATE!

I THINK WE'LL SEE HARKER SOON! YES, HERE HE COMES NOW!



THE SUN REFLECTED BY THAT HUGE MIRROR IS WITHERING MY WHOLE ESTATE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

YES, I CAN...THE PEOPLE YOU SWINDLED GAVE ME AUTHORITY TO HANDLE THEIR LAND!



OF COURSE YOU CAN BUY BACK THEIR LAND... FOR WHAT THEY PAID... THEN YOU COULD DESTROY THE MIRROR!

...GULP... ALL RIGHT! I'LL BUY IT BACK FROM THEM!



LATER...

AND THE MONEY HARKER PAID BACK WILL BUY THE COLONISTS TOOLS AND SUPPLIES TO MAKE NEW HOMES ON THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS!

YOU MEAN... THE POSSIBLE WORLDS, NOW!



THE END.

U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE
ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL--THOSE
MEN IN THE CAR
SHOT THE ATOMIC
PLANT GUARDS!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS
AWAY, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE
TOM NOTIFIES THE
F.B.I.... I'M TAKING
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!

SOON, INSIDE THE CAR

HEY, SOME GUY
ON A BIKE IS
FOLLOWING
US! SHOULD
I PLUG HIM?

NAH. SAVE YOUR
BULLETS. MUGSY
WE'LL LOSE
HIM--WE'RE
DOING 60 NOW!

ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL
INTO HIS JET-ENGINE. STREAKS
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH
A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!

DROP THAT GUN,
BUD... YOU WON'T
NEED IT WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!

WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY
FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC
FORMULA-- THANKS TO YOUR
TERRIFIC SPEED AND
ROYAL'S SMOKE SCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR
U.S. ROYALS SAVED
THE DAY AGAIN!

FELLAS, FOR SPLIT SECOND STOPS,
FIRM FOOTING, MORE MILEAGE AND
PERFECT CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.
TRY THEM AND SEE.

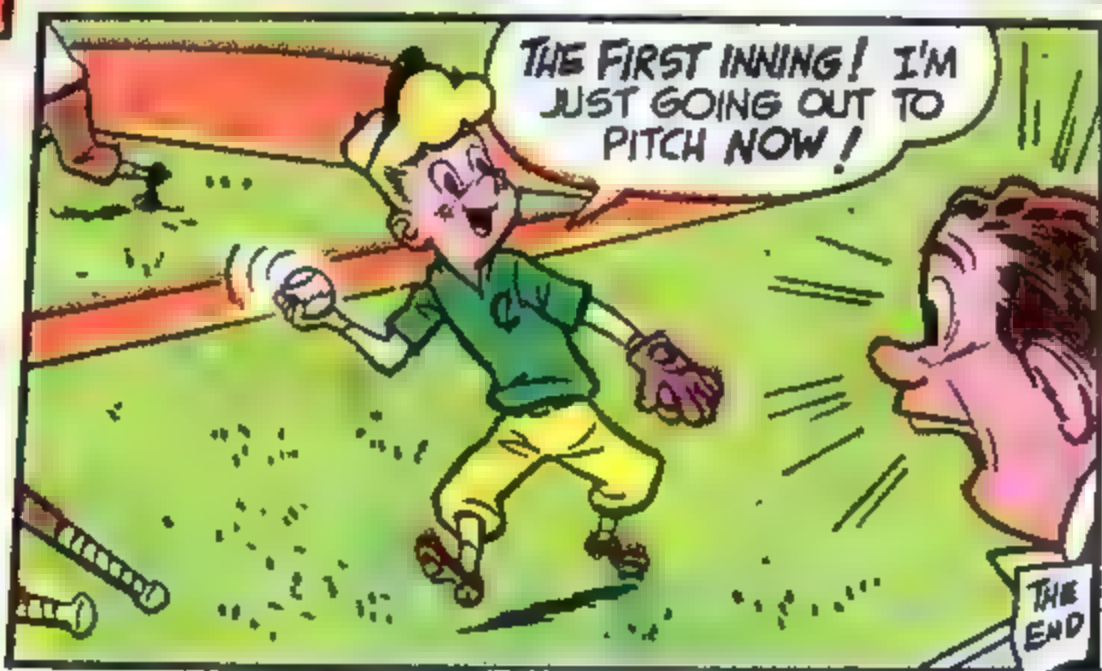
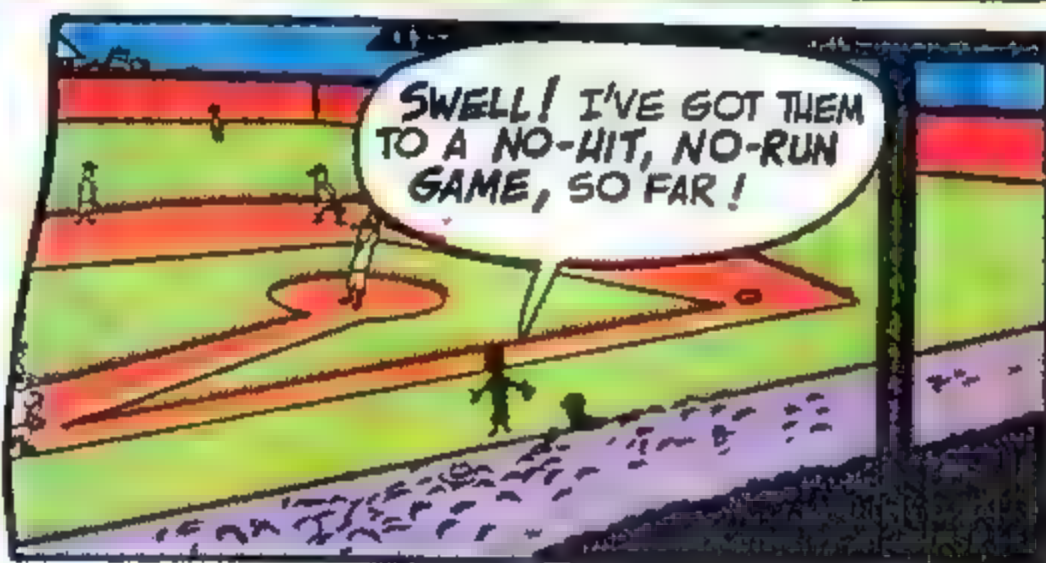
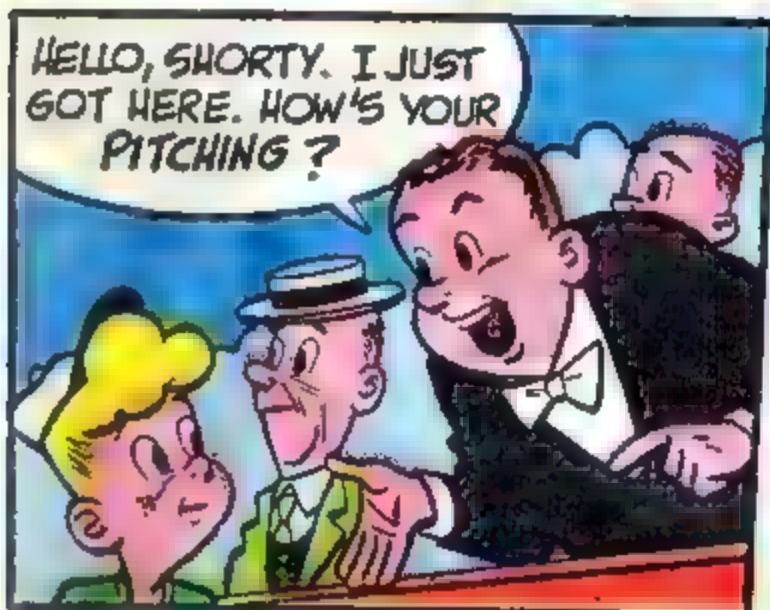
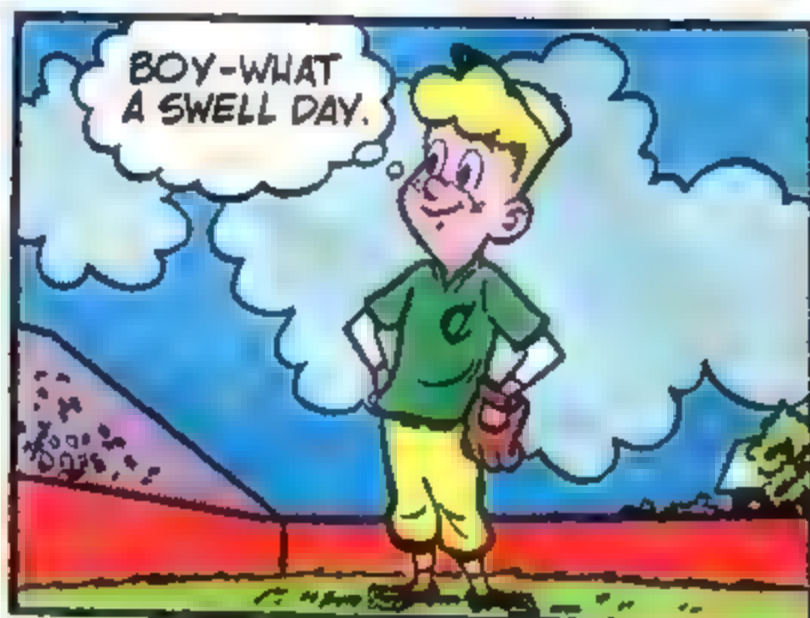
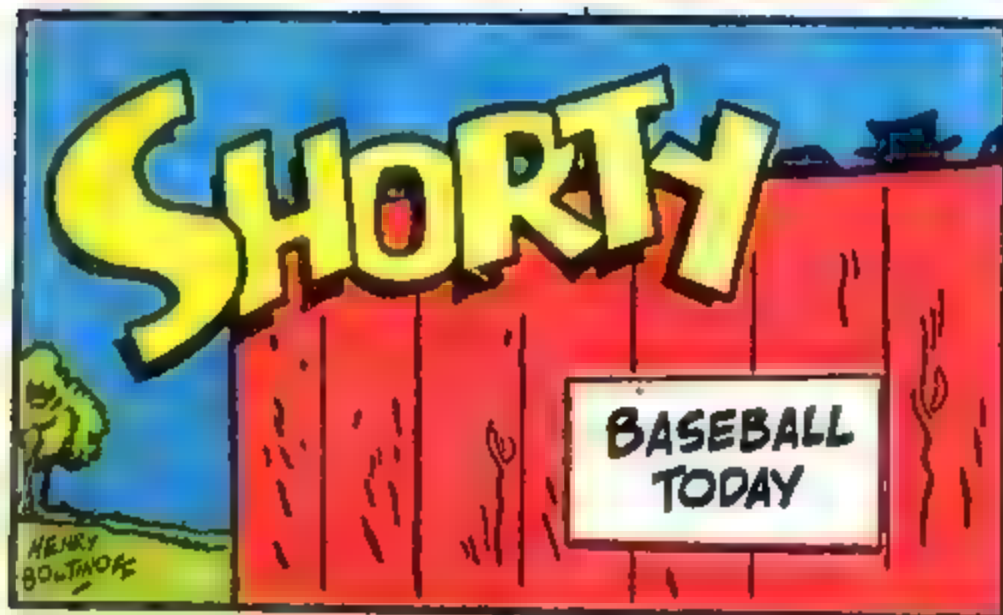
"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY--
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN" SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH. NO
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH-- WHEN
YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN BE SAFE...
GET U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



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SUPERB MOTORBIKE

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Columbia

SINCE 1877...
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

Send for the big full color broadside picturing this model and others of the complete line of bicycles by Columbia.
THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

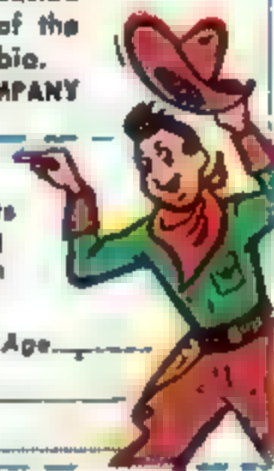
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

The Westfield Manufacturing Company
A47 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts
Please send me, free of charge, big illustrated folder of exciting new models by Columbia in full color.

Name _____

Age _____

Address _____



CONGO BILL

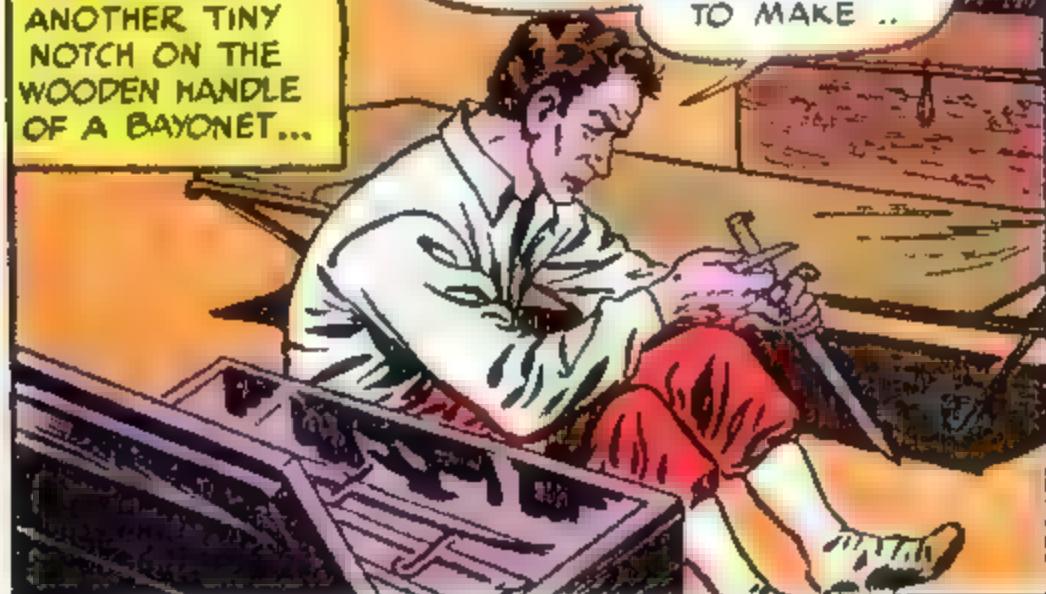
IF A MAN HAS BEEN MISSING FOR SEVEN YEARS, HE MAY BE DECLARED DEAD, LEGALLY. IN THAT CASE, AN INSURANCE COMPANY LIKE WORLD WIDE WILL HAVE TO PAY HIS WIDOW THE FACE AMOUNT OF HIS INSURANCE POLICY. BUT NOT IF A TROUBLE-SHOOTER WITH THE CLEVERNESS AND COURAGE OF CONGO BILL GOES AFTER THE MAN WHO WAS ALMOST...

"SEVEN YEARS MISSING!"



MEET CORPORAL AUGUSTE RENARD, OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, AS HE CARVES ANOTHER TINY NOTCH ON THE WOODEN HANDLE OF A BAYONET...

SIX BAYONETS PUT ASIDE. THEIR HANDLES NOTCHED WITH THESE MARKS. THIS IS THE SEVENTH. NOW THERE ARE LESS THAN A HUNDRED MORE MARKS TO MAKE...



SO I KEEP TRACK OF THE DAYS. MY FREEDOM IS DRAWING NEAR. FREEDOM! NOT ONLY THAT BUT—**WEALTH!** EVERYTHING A MAN HAS EVER DREAMED OF—TO BE ALL MINE!



FAR AWAY, IN THE LONDON OFFICES OF WORLD WIDE INSURANCE, CONGO BILL ANSWERS A HURRY CALL FROM BAD NEWS HALE...

BILL, THIS IS THE FILE ON THOMAS KENNEDY. SEVEN YEARS AGO HE TOOK OUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR POLICY. SHORTLY AFTERWARD, HE DISAPPEARED AND HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND.

HIS WIFE FILED CLAIM ON THE POLICY AND FILED SUIT TO HAVE HIM DECLARED DEAD. THREE MONTHS FROM NOW, THE COURT WILL DECLARE HIM LEGALLY DEAD. THE INSURANCE WILL THEN COME DUE.

HMMM - WORLD WIDE KNOW IF KENNEDY IS REALLY DEAD, EH?

DISAPPEAR FOR A FEW YEARS - HAVE HIS WIFE COLLECT - THEN LIVE LIKE A KING... A HUNDRED THOUSAND IN SEVEN YEARS... BUT IF HE'S ALIVE WHERE IS HE HIDING?



SOME DAYS LATER, MRS. KENNEDY, THE "WIDOW," OPENS THE DOOR TO HER FLAT...

AN INSURANCE AGENT? WHY, COME RIGHT IN. I DON'T THINK I HAVE ANY PAPERS ABOUT TOM, BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO LOOK.

THIS IS A LONG SHOT... BUT WITH LUCK IT MIGHT PAY OFF...

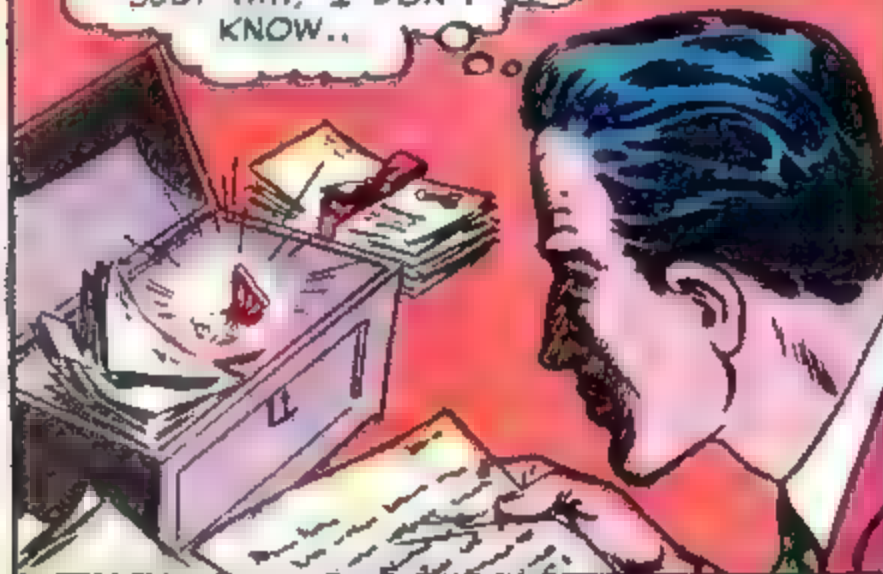


HERE ARE SOME OF HIS LETTERS. THEY'RE ALL TEN YEARS OLD OR MORE. I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM THEM. TOM'S DEAD I KNOW IT!



AS HIS EYES SCAN THE OLD LETTERS, CONGO BILL'S GAZE IS CAUGHT AND HELD BY A BIT OF DULL, DARK METAL IN ONE OF THE JEWELRY BOXES...

A BRONZE MEDAL! LOOKS VAGUELY FAMILIAR... BUT JUST WHY, I DON'T KNOW...



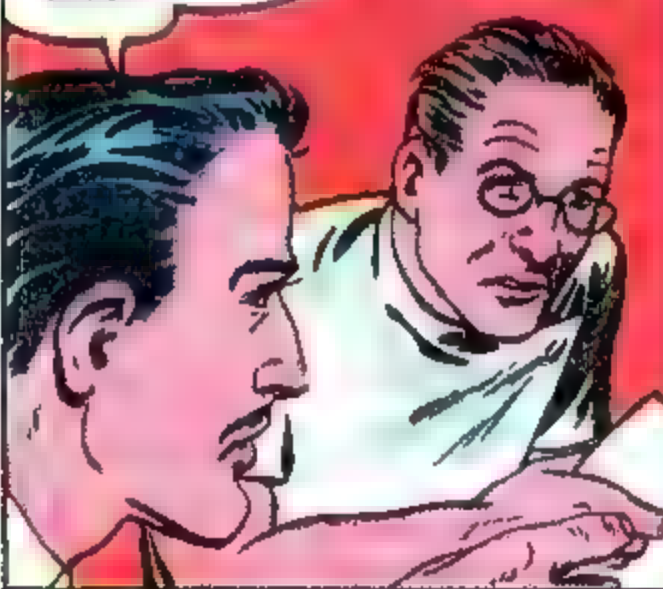
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, IN WORLD WIDE'S PRIVATE LABORATORY...

I MANAGED TO SLIP THAT IN MY POCKET FOR TEST WHEN I VISITED MRS. KENNEDY, ED. HOW OLD WOULD YOU SAY IT IS?

WHY, MAN, YOU CAN READ THE DATE ON IT. IT'S OVER TEN YEARS OLD



COME, COME, ED. TEN YEAR OLD INK WOULD BE **BLACK**. AND IT WOULD SHOW YELLOW WHERE THE POINT SCRATCHED ON THE EDGES! THIS INK IS STILL **BLUE**!



HUH! YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL! HERE, BETTER LET ME GIVE IT A TEST UNDER THE ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP!

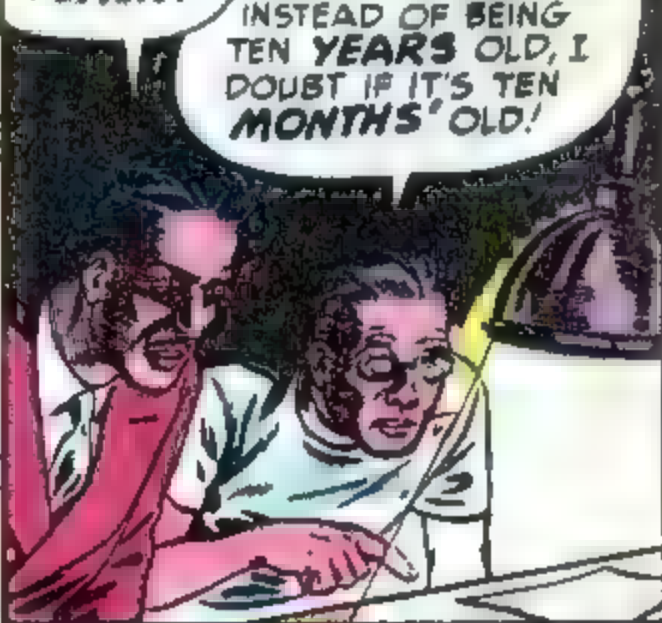
IF THIS IS AN OLD LETTER, THE ULTRA-VIOLET WON'T AFFECT IT, BUT IF IT'S A RECENT LETTER THE INK EXPOSED TO THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAY WILL TURN **BLACK**!



SLOWLY, THE MINUTES PASS AND THEN CONGO BILL CRIES OUT --

LOOK! THE INK **IS** CHANGING COLOR! IT'S TURNING **BLACK**!

THAT MEANS IT WAS WRITTEN RECENTLY, THEN, PROBABLY WITHIN THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS! INSTEAD OF BEING TEN YEARS OLD, I DOUBT IF IT'S TEN MONTHS' OLD!



SOME DAYS LATER, CONGO BILL AND BAD NEWS HALE ENTER THE CITY LIBRARY...

I ASKED YOU TO MEET ME HERE TO TELL YOU THAT KENNEDY IS STILL ALIVE. HE WROTE LETTERS ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT PREDATED THEM TEN YEARS!

THAT'S A HELP! HE'S ALIVE — BUT **WHERE**?



IT'S LIKE SAYING THERE'S A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK! BUT WHERE IS THE HAYSTACK? IN ASIA? AFRICA? AMERICA? AUSTRALIA?

THAT'S WHAT I'M COMING TO — I THINK I HAVE A CLUE!



A CLUE? OH BILL, THAT'S WONDERFUL! WHAT IS IT?

I SAW A BRONZE MEDAL IN MRS. KENNEDY'S JEWEL BOX. IT CAUGHT MY EYE. I'D SEEN SOME LIKE IT BEFORE, BUT FORGOTTEN JUST WHERE...



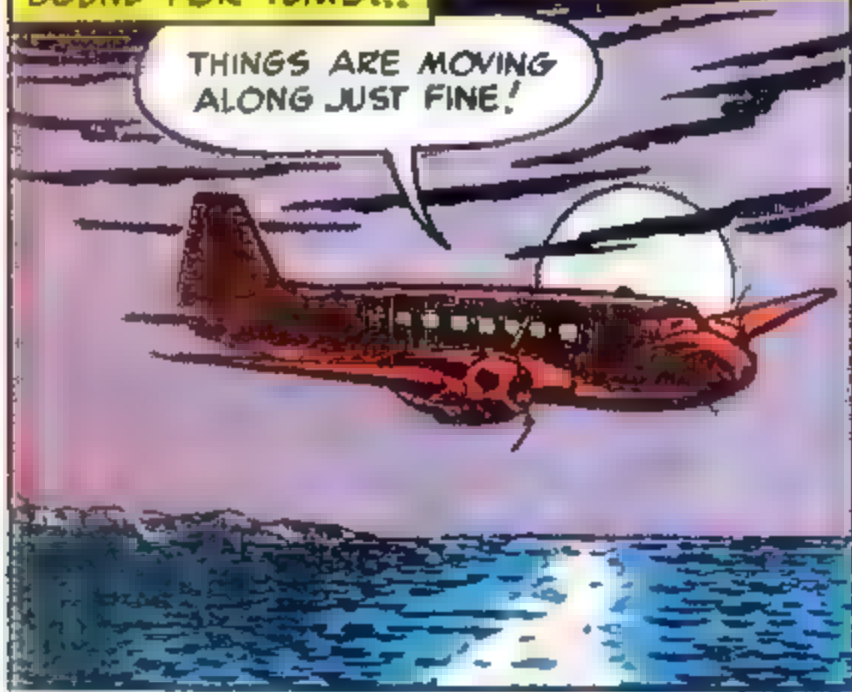
THIS BOOK ON MILITARY MEDALS OUGHT TO HELP — AH, THERE IT IS! THAT MEDAL IS THE COLONIAL CROSS AWARDED TO MEMBERS OF THE **FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION**!

SO **THAT'S** WHERE KENNEDY'S HIDDEN HIMSELF! — ULP — BUT THAT'S **DANGEROUS!** HE MIGHT BE **KILLED** THERE — BEFORE WE CAN FIND HIM!



BEFORE MIDNIGHT, CONGO BILL IS ON THE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS, HIGH IN THE CLOUDS ABOVE THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, BOUND FOR TUNIS...

THINGS ARE MOVING ALONG JUST FINE!



BUT IN ALGIERS, HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, CONGO BILL FACES BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT...

I'M SORRY, SIR. IT IS THE POLICY OF THE LEGION **NEVER** TO DISCLOSE THE FORMER IDENTITY OF ANYONE SERVING IN THE RANKS—ASSUMING THAT HE HID HIS NAME, WHICH WE NEVER ADMIT OFFICIALLY.



TIME SLIPS BY. CONGO BILL GROWS DESPERATE...

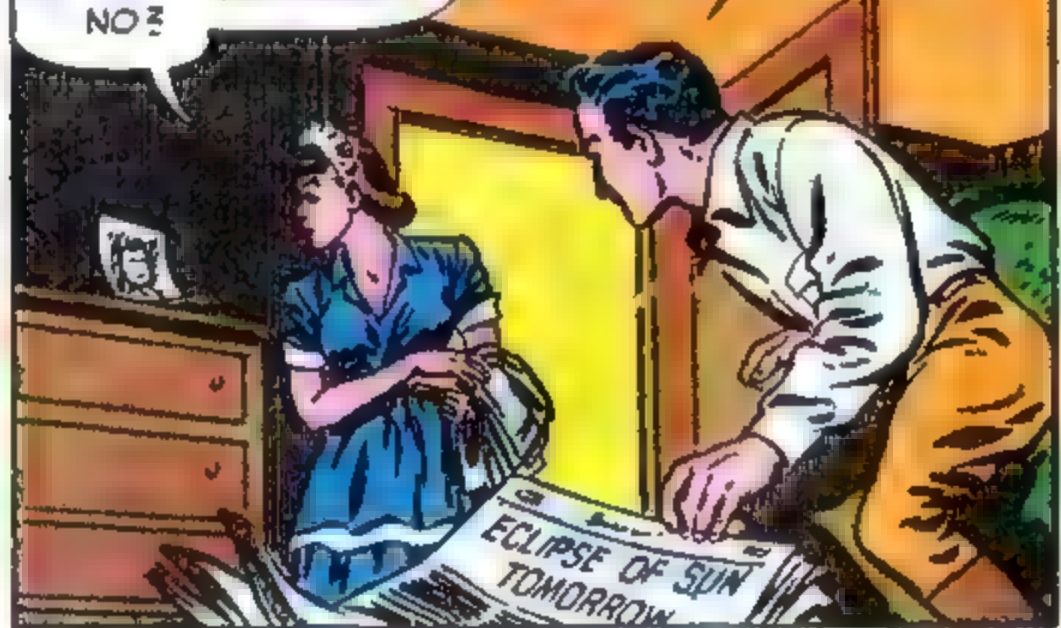
LESS THAN A WEEK TO GO, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN A **HINT** OF WHERE HE IS!



THEN — A LUCKY BREAK!

OOH! YOU KNOW ZEE CORPORAL RENARD? HE ISS YOUR FRIEND? NO?

WHAT'S THAT? CORPORAL RENARD? ARE YOU SURE HIS NAME ISN'T KENNEDY?



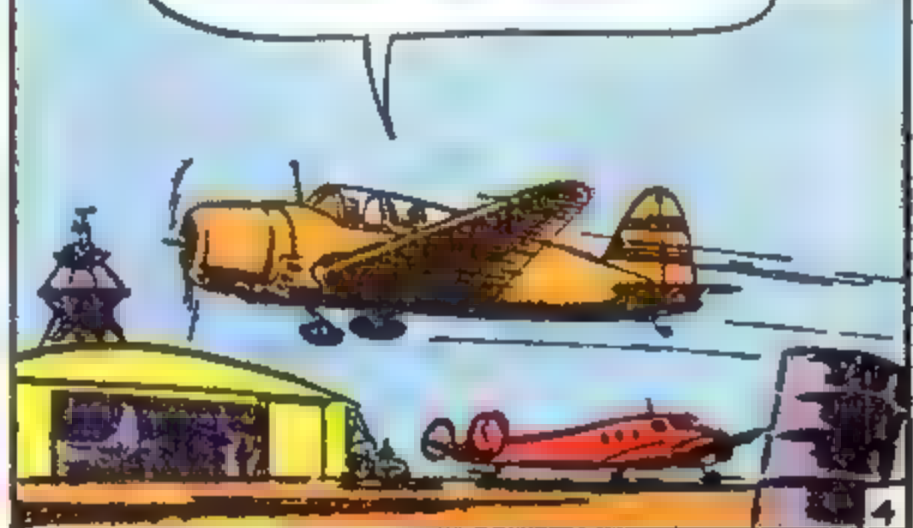
WHO KNOWS, M'SIEU? SO MANY MEN CHANGE THEIR NAMES WHEN THEY ENTER THE LEGION! CORPORAL RENARD IS IN THE SAHARA, ON TAUREG PATROL.

KENNEDY—OR RENARD? WILL IT BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE IF I GO AFTER HIM? SUPPOSE IT ISN'T KENNEDY? I HAVE ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT!

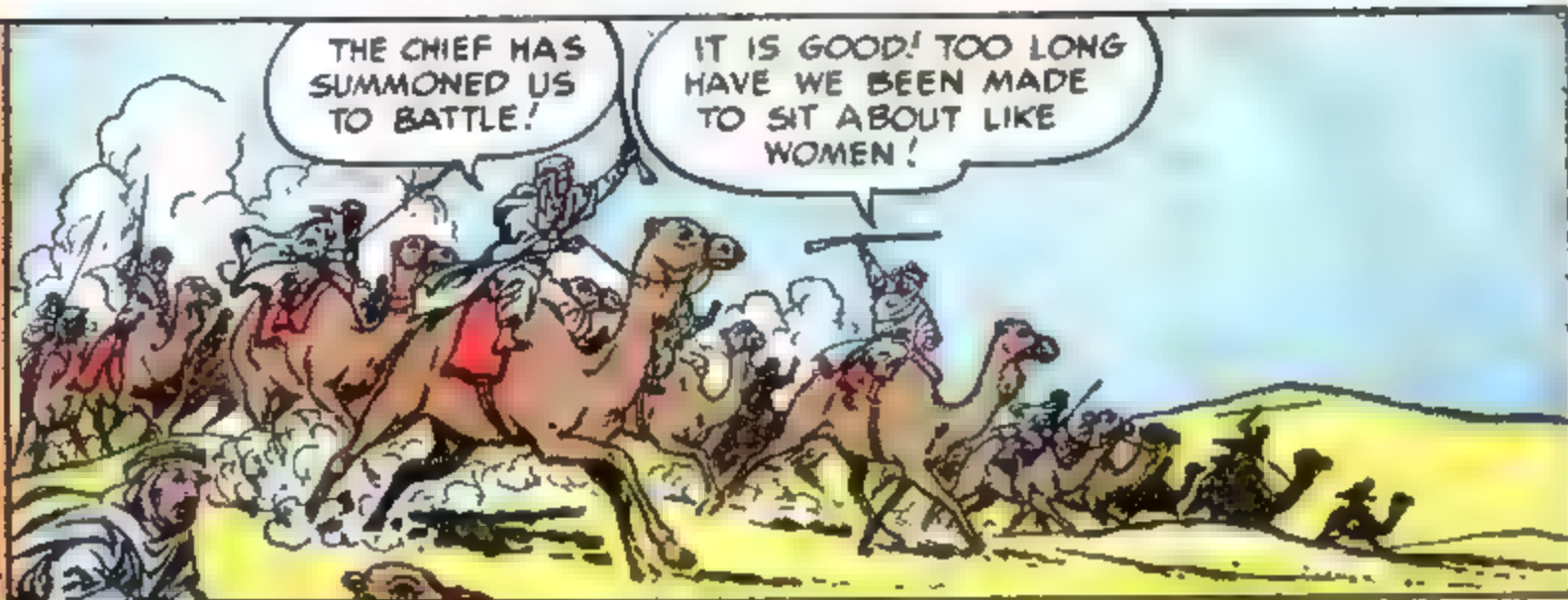


BUT LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, A FLEET CIVILIAN PLANE RISES FROM THE ALGERIAN AIRPORT...

IF RENARD ISN'T KENNEDY BUT ONLY LOOKS LIKE HIM, WORLD-WIDE IS GOING TO LOSE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!



FAR AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING PLANE, A GROUP OF HOT-EYED TAUREGS TOB THEIR MEHARAS (RACING CAMELS) INTO A SWIFT RUN...



THE CHIEF HAS SUMMONED US TO BATTLE!

IT IS GOOD! TOO LONG HAVE WE BEEN MADE TO SIT ABOUT LIKE WOMEN!

LOOK BELOW, MY PEOPLE. FRENCH SOLDIERS OF THE LEGION! AND WE OUTNUMBER THEM BY TEN TO ONE!



AND EVEN AS THE TAUREGS CHECK THEIR RIFLES AND EQUIPMENT, CONGO BILL'S PLANE DROPS HIM INTO THE LEGION BY PARACHUTE...

THAT MAN MUST BE MAD, COMING HERE WHEN HE WAS SAFE UP IN THAT PLANE! DOESN'T HE SEE THE TAUREGS ON THE DUNES? HE'S COMMITTING SUICIDE!



HERE THEY COME NOW! THEY'RE MAKING THEIR CHARGE!

I'VE A CHANCE TO STOP 'EM IN THEIR TRACKS — IF THOSE SCIENTISTS I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT IN THE PAPERS ARE RIGHT!



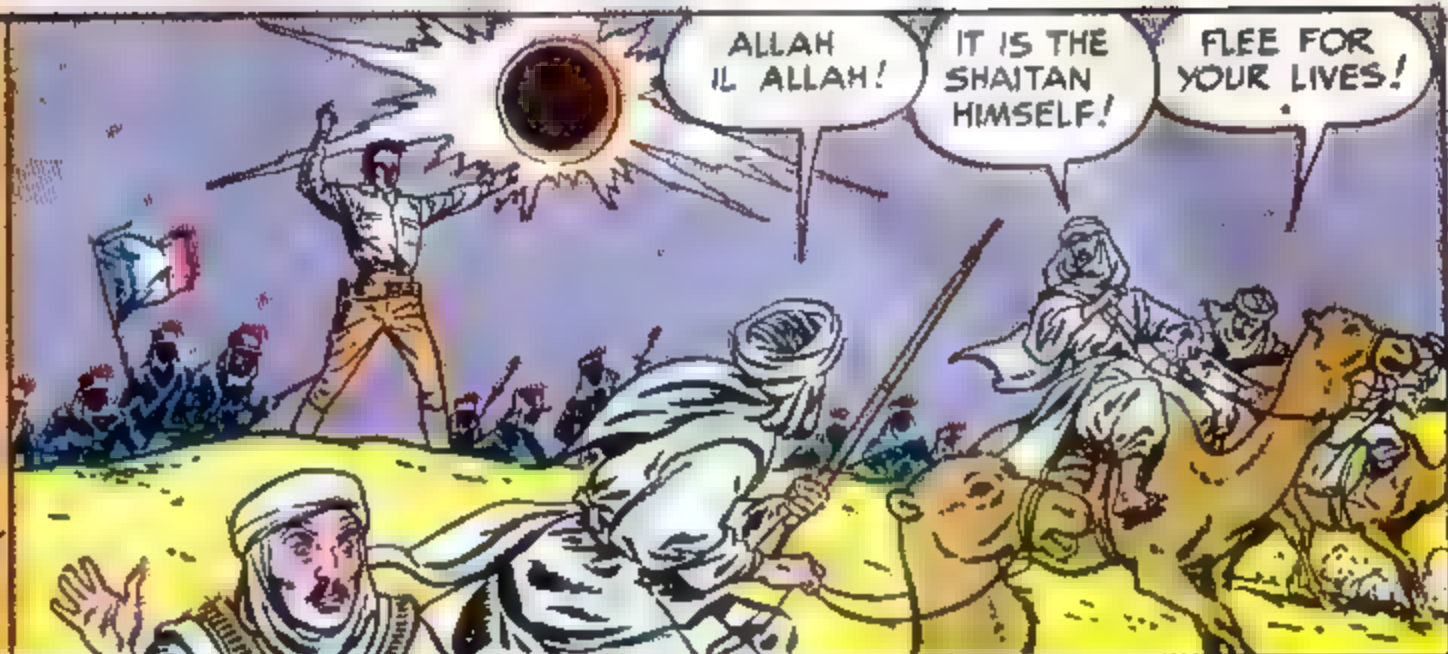
HIS VOICE RINGING CLEARLY CONGO BILL SHOUTS AT THE SCREAMING FIERCE TAUREGS!

LOOK UP, TAUREGS! LOOK UP! SURRENDER OR I DARKEN THE SUN ABOVE YOU — AND LEAVE YOU IN A WORLD OF NEVER-ENDING DARKNESS!





AND SLOWLY, AS THE TAUREGS MUTTER IN AWE, THE MOON CROSSES THE SUN, DARKENING IT... CAUSING THE PREDICTED ECLIPSE! IN PANIC, THE DESERT WARRIORS WHIRL THEIR MEHARAS AROUND... AND FLEE!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. YOU SAVED OUR NECKS. BUT WHY DID YOU COME HURTLING OUT OF THE SKY AT JUST THIS TIME —

WELL -- FOR THE REASON YOU'VE JUST SEEN — BUT ALSO I'VE COME FOR TOM KENNEDY — ALIAS CORPORAL AUGUSTE RENARD!



BUT LATER IN ALGIERS, CORPORAL RENARD — OR TOM KENNEDY — FACES CONGO BILL WITH A GRIM, CONFIDENT SMILE ...

YOU'RE TOO LATE, CONGO BILL. FOR SEVEN YEARS I'VE BEEN MARKING OFF THE DAYS ON MY BAYONETS. LAST NIGHT I CARVED NOTCH 2555!



SEVEN YEARS TIMES 365 DAYS A YEAR — 2555! SO YOU ARE A DAY TOO LATE!

NO, RENARD! YOU FORGOT **LEAP YEAR!** TODAY, NOT YESTERDAY, IS THE LAST DAY OF THE SEVEN YEARS — AND IT JUST GIVES US TIME TO GET TO COURT AND HAVE THE JUDGE THROW YOU IN JAIL... INSTEAD OF SIGNING AN ORDER THAT WOULD HAVE MADE YOU RICH — SO START MARCHING!



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

JMKICAM KPZQABW-
XPMZ KWTUJCA PIL
BPM KWCZIOM WN PQA
KWVDQKBQWYA, PM
LQAKWDMZML IUMZQKI

SUPERMAN,

c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

JULY

ADVERTISEMENT

**THE
POPSICLE
HALLOWEEN**

A TRUE STORY OF
A "POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD



**WILLIAM SMALLEY
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI**

GOSH, ANOTHER
ACCIDENT IN FRONT OF
SCHOOL — SOMETHING
MUST BE DONE.

SOX
ZON



I CAN'T GET
THAT ACCIDENT OUT
OF MY MIND — THINK
I'LL SEE THE MAYOR.



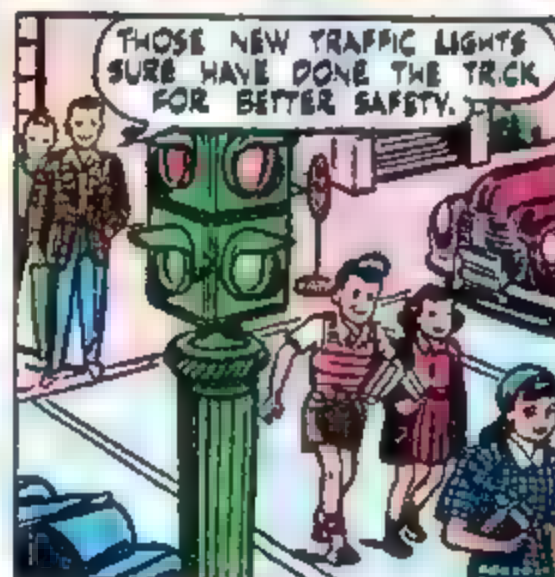
THANK YOU MR. MAYOR
FOR LISTENING TO MY STORY.
MORE TRAFFIC LIGHTS
AT SCHOOL SHOULD
HELP.



THE MAYOR IS HELPING
US TO ELIMINATE ACCIDENTS.
NOW WE HAVE TO ORGANIZE
SAFETY PATROLS.



THOSE NEW TRAFFIC LIGHTS
SURE HAVE DONE THE TRICK
FOR BETTER SAFETY.



... AND TO WILLIAM SMALLEY FOR
ORGANIZING SCHOOL SAFETY PATROLS,
WE ARE PROUD TO JOIN "POPSICLE PETE"
IN PRESENTING THIS GOLD MEDAL AND
"POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD.



SAVE BAGS

RED DOTS

FOR SWEET GIFTS!

AND... Save ICE CREAM or
ICE MILK on-a-stick BAGS
that read: "POPSICLE PETE" &
"SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

CHARM BRACELET
Beautiful gold finished
bracelet with 9
different,
exciting
charms
The Co-eds'
favorite.
**125 BAGS
OR 25¢ & 10 BAGS**

BASEBALL
Regulation College League
ball, sturdy horse-
hide cover,
tough
stitching.
Can really
"take it".
**225 BAGS
OR 50¢ & 20 BAGS**

**POPSICLE PETE,
"TWIN POPSICLE,"
"FUDGSICLE" and "CREAMSICLE"**
are registered trade marks
of the JOE LOWE CORPORATION

SKULL RING
Genuine Good Luck skull
and crossbones ring
with glowing
Jewel eyes.
Fits any
finger.
**50 BAGS
OR 10¢ & 10 BAGS**

WRIST COMPASS
Real explorer's magnetic wrist
compass on plastic band.
Steers you right, day or night.
**75 BAGS OR
15¢ & 10 BAGS**

**GET THESE
VALUABLE GIFTS
and
LOTS MORE**

write to **"POPSICLE PETE"**
DEPT. "M" P.O. Box 678, New York 46, N. Y.
400 West Ohio St., Chicago 10, Ill.
2744 East 11 Street, Los Angeles 23, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

ASK for GIANT GIFT LIST—FREE at your ice cream store,
or write to "POPSICLE PETE" at address nearest you

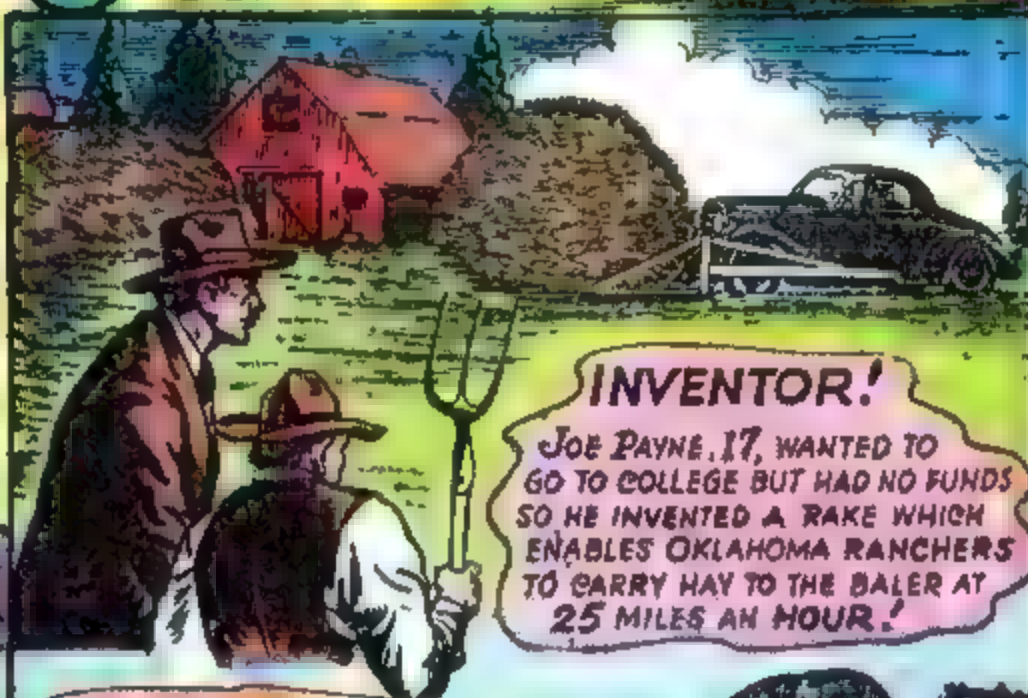
This offer is limited to the U.S. and possessions, and is void and not extended in any locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any law, license or other restriction is imposed upon redemption or issuance.

NO FOOLIN'



A
RANCHER IN
NEBRASKA HAS
A PET CHEETAH
WHICH HE USES
TO RUN DOWN
JACK RABBITS.

THE
CHEETAH IS
FASTER THAN ANY
DOG AND IS NEVER
FOOLED BY THE WILY RABBITS.



INVENTOR!

JOE PAYNE, 17, WANTED TO
GO TO COLLEGE BUT HAD NO FUNDS
SO HE INVENTED A RAKE WHICH
ENABLES OKLAHOMA RANCHERS
TO CARRY HAY TO THE BALER AT
25 MILES AN HOUR!

THE RAKE CAN BE
ATTACHED TO ANY AUTO.
IT CARRIES 300 POUNDS IN
ONE LOAD... DOES THE WORK
OF 5 TEAMS!

JOE HAS PLENTY
OF CASH ROLLING
IN NOW.

*Joe
Payne*



LIVE WIRE!

ELECTRICITY IS HER BIG
LOVE. SHE INSTALLED A COM-
PLETE ELECTRIC LAUNDRY ON
A 640-ACRE RANCH NEAR
PORTALES, N.M.
NEXT, SHE MADE AN ELECTRIC GRAIN
LOADER, SAYING MUCH BACK-BREAKING
LABOR!

GID-AP,
HONEY!

*Tommy Dale
Mullins (17)*

THAT'S HER REAL NAME, BUT
SHE'S QUITE A GIRL! SHE
DRIVES A TRACTOR AND GIVES
LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY.

CONCERNED
BECAUSE SHEEP
WEAR AWAY THEIR
TEETH BY CONSTANT
NIBBLING ON
SHORT GRASS...

HOLD STILL,
BABY!



...A DENTIST IN
SALT LAKE CITY
RECENTLY BEGAN
MAKING PLATES FOR THEM!

THERE ARE INDIANS IN BROOKLYN!
A GROUP FROM THE MOHAWK RESER-
VATION DECIDED TO MIGRATE AND
SETTLED DOWN
IN DODGER-
TOWN.



HERE,
TWO INDIAN
YOUNGSTERS
DRESS FOR A
TRIBAL DANCE.



MUSIC IS FUN

THIS was some school! Rehearsals and broadcasts to attend, classes all morning and part of the afternoon, and then the head teacher himself taking charge at night for more!

But there weren't any final exams!

Instead, one of America's most popular musicians led the class in a song, with several professional musicians helping with the singing or playing an accompaniment. As the song ended, the leader shook hands with his pupils, and presented them with several of his well-known arrangements and a recording of one of his well-known songs.

The pupils were grateful for the chance to attend this school. They actually thanked the teacher for letting them come. Let's look further into this odd situation.

Fred Waring, long famous as one of the top figures in the entertainment world, is now becoming known as the head of one of the most unusual schools in the world, the Fred Waring Music Workshop.

It's all part of Fred's interest in young people. Fred has done many things to help young singers and musicians, and his novel school is just the newest way of expressing his desire to help boys and girls find joy in music.

You see, Fred thinks that music teachers can't really teach their students modern music and modern songs unless they have a close association with the music and with the people who create and play this music. So, he's started a school at his summer resort at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania. At this school, music teachers and choral directors learn the Waring arrangements and techniques that have made the Fred Waring Orchestra and Glee Club world-famous.

Fred helps young people in other ways, too. Many famous singers and musicians broke into big-time music after an audition and an engagement with Waring. Ballad-singer Tom Scott, the Lane sisters, Donna Day; and two men with their own choral groups, Bob Shaw and Norman Bell, are all former members of the Pennsylvanians.

Today, anyone with musical ability can get an audition with Waring by passing a music theory test. This is important because members of the Waring group must be top-notch musicians, able to read difficult music on sight.

Fred's amazing interest in youth may stem from his own early struggles. He started leading musical groups when he led a Boy

Scout Drum Corps in a holiday parade, proudly twirling a baton made from one of his mother's curtain rods.

With three other boys from his hometown of Tyrone, Pa., Fred formed a group known as the "Banjazztra." Poley McClintock, present drummer of Waring's Pennsylvanians, was a member of this youthful group, as were Fred's brother Tom, and Freddie Buck, both of whom were members of the Pennsylvanians for many years.

But the road up was as rocky as many young musicians find it now. Fred created a stir when he called Paul Whiteman, the top band leader of the country at that time, and asked for an audition. Whiteman told him to come to New York, and the "Banjazztra" went. Whiteman's musicians laughed because Tom Waring could play by ear only on the black keys of the piano, which gave a strange twist to the melody.

But Whiteman thought the group showed promise, and encouraged the boys. During Fred's college days at Penn State, he formed the "College Syncopationists." He kept adding to the group those promising youngsters who could sing a hymn, play an instrument, or clown through a comedy number. The group sang as it played, and rapidly became known as a novel orchestra. In 1927 it was chosen as the outstanding jazz orchestra in the country and sent to Paris to play an engagement.

Then over the years, Fred Waring became famous. But he's never lost his interest in young people. He's still interested in youngsters who just want to have fun with music. To him, music is fun, and he'd like to see that idea spread.

This Music Workshop has been a dream of his for a long time. Other musicians had scoffed at the idea, calling it impractical. But Fred had made a lot of money and he

wanted to do something good with it. He wanted to help the young people of America find the joy in music.

During the summer months, all the Waring broadcasts come from his summer resort at Shawnee. The visitors attend the daily morning broadcast and then watch the Pennsylvanians during the hours of rehearsals which follow in preparation for the next day's program.

Fred's choral assistants and his arrangers take over in the afternoon. Under their direction, the visitors sing and study the Waring arrangements and techniques. All that the Pennsylvanians have learned in their 30 years of performances for millions of people is placed at the service of the directors and members of school, college, church, community, and industrial musical groups.

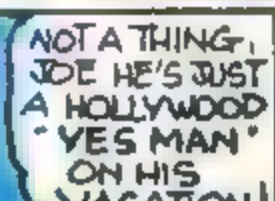
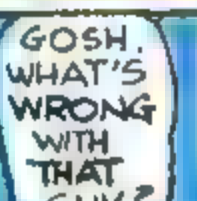
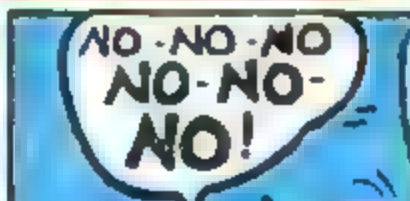
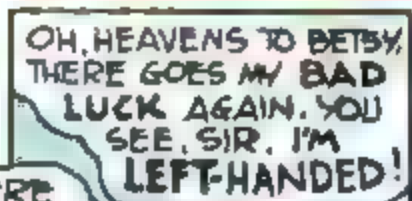
Then, at night, Fred joins the group. On Thursday nights the visitors attend the Waring broadcast.

Fred opened the Music Workshop in June, 1947. More than 500 teachers and directors attended that summer. They were from 44 states, Canada, and Hawaii. There are now ten one-week sessions, and the cost is kept low so that almost any teacher can afford to attend.

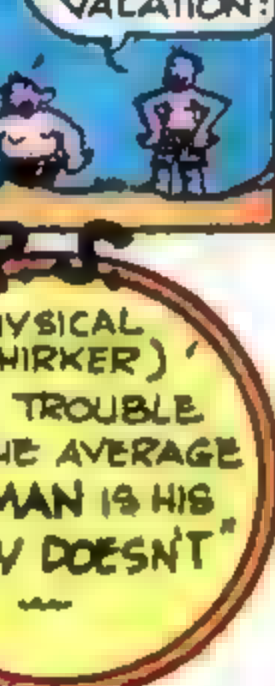
Fred's willingness to audition anyone with talent is one reason for the extreme youthfulness of his group. He has found many of his best performers in this way. Many, young as they are, have been with him for a long time. One of these is soprano Gloria Mudell, who is only 21. She was a child radio star with her own program when she was 10!

Fred says: "A singing America is a happy America. Singing makes you feel good inside, and is perhaps one of the greatest expressions of democracy that we have."
(By permission of the General Electric Co.)

OUT OF THE GAG-BAG



WAL, STRANGER, IF YOU'RE WILLIN' T'WORK HARD, FARMER JONES IS LOOKIN' FER A RIGHT-HAND MAN!



(PHYSICAL SHIRKER)
THE TROUBLE WITH THE AVERAGE FAT MAN IS HIS "DAILY DOESN'T"

ADVERTISEMENT

Kids!

GET THIS SWELL
Official League Baseball
by Saving **Bazooka** wrappers!



No limit to the number of balls you can win! Pool wrappers with your buddies—your choice of baseball or Official Softball!

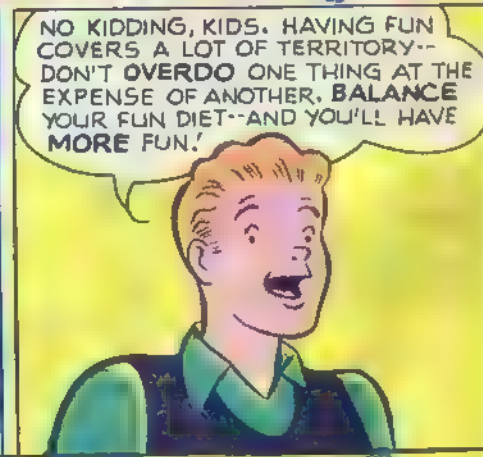
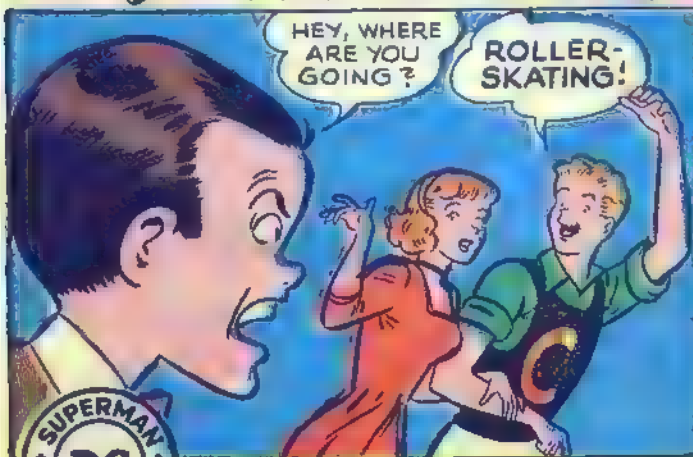
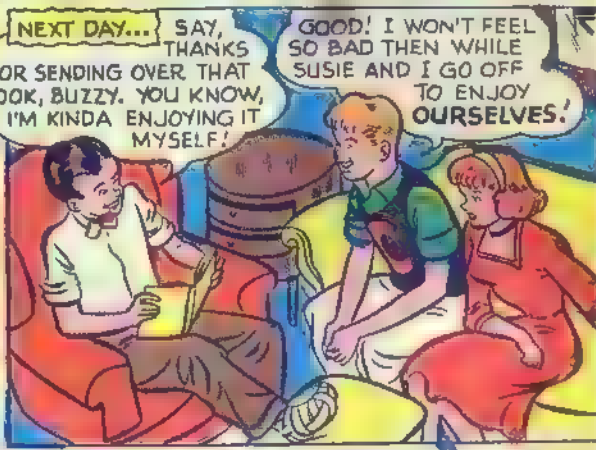
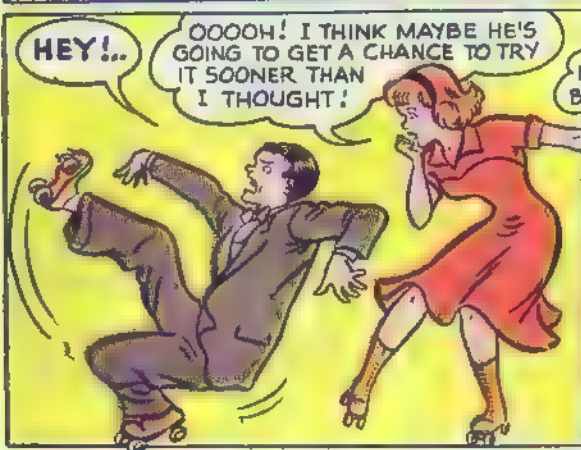
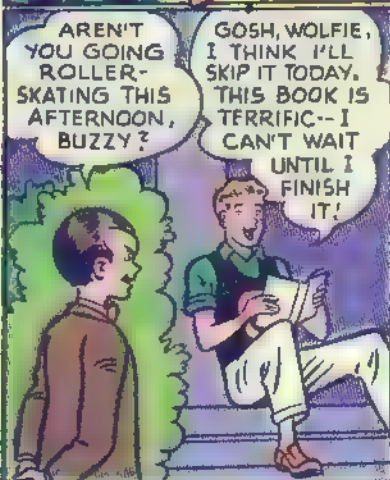
The Baseball of Champions
Official size and weight!
A lively ball you can wallop a mile!
The "Perfect Sphere" Baseball
Actual Size

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS OFFER!

Just save the red, white and blue foil wrappers from Penny Bazooka—the Atom Bubble Gum. When you have collected 200 wrappers, mail them, with your name, address, and the word "BASEBALL" or "SOFTBALL" to BAZOOKA, Box 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y. You may send in as many groups of 200 as you wish—you'll get an Official League Baseball or Official Softball for every 200 wrappers by return mail! But start saving wrappers NOW! This offer expires July 30, 1950.



BUZZY *says* **BALANCE Your FUN DIET**



PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS. THIS PAGE APPEARS IN MORE THAN 10,000,000 MAGAZINES OF THE NATIONAL COMICS GROUP (SUPERMAN-DC PUBLICATIONS)



EVER HEAR ABOUT THE TREASURE-LADEN SPANISH-GALLEON THAT SOMEHOW GOT LOST IN A WESTERN DESERT 400 YEARS AGO--AND SUPPOSEDLY LIES THERE YET? GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, DOESN'T TAKE THE TALE SERIOUSLY WHEN HE TURNS IT INTO A POPULAR BALLAD--BUT THAT MENACING MUSICIAN, THE FIDDLER, DOES! AND THE VALIANT VIGILANTE SOON FINDS HIMSELF CROSSING BURNING SANDS TO TRACK DOWN A REAL SHIP WITH A GLITTERING CARGO, AS HE TACKLES THE FANTASTIC MYSTERY OF ---

"The GALLEON IN THE DESERT!"

RECALLING FRONTIER DAYS, THE GREAT WESTERN EXPOSITION OPENS AT THE DESERT'S EDGE, WITH COLORFUL KEROSENE FLARES AND RICH MELODY.

NOW MARK TO MY DIRGE FOR A QUEEN OF THE SEAS, A PROUD SPANISH GALLEON, THE DONNA LOUISE...

DOESN'T HIS VOICE THRILL YOU?

THE VOICE BELONGS TO GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, WHOSE MOST FAITHFUL FAN IS HIS PAL, STUFF...

SHE CARRIED VAST RICHES OF SILVER AND GOLD, THE WEALTH OF THE NEW WORLD PILED HIGH IN HER HOLD

THAT'S MY BUDDY CHUM!

BUT NOT EVEN GREG CAN PLEASE EVERYBODY... SHAKES, THE UNDERWORLD POET, AND DICTIONARY, THE CROOK WITH THE 18-KARAT VOCABULARY, PREFER OTHER MUSIC...

WHEN SPEEDED AND GUIDED BY FATE'S CRUEL HAND, SHE SAILED OVER THE DESERT TO SINK IN THE SAND...

I WISH THAT VAPID VOCALIST WOULD TERMINATE HIS RENDITION!

NOW CAN WE HEAR THE FIDDLER CLEAR WHILE BOISTEROUS BALLADS FILL THE EAR?

THE FIDDLER, ARCH ENEMY OF THE VIGILANTE, POSES AS A BLIND BEGGAR, WHILE GIVING MUSICAL ORDERS TO HIS HENCHMEN...

THE MUSIC DIRECTS US TO PROCEED!

OOPS! FORGIVE MY CLUMSINESS, S.R.

OH, YEAH?

ONLY THIS TIME, THE CROOKS PICK A WRONG VICTIM...

CAUGHT YOU! I KNOW ALL ABOUT PICK-POCKETS AND THEIR TRICKS! SOMEBODY, CALL A COP!

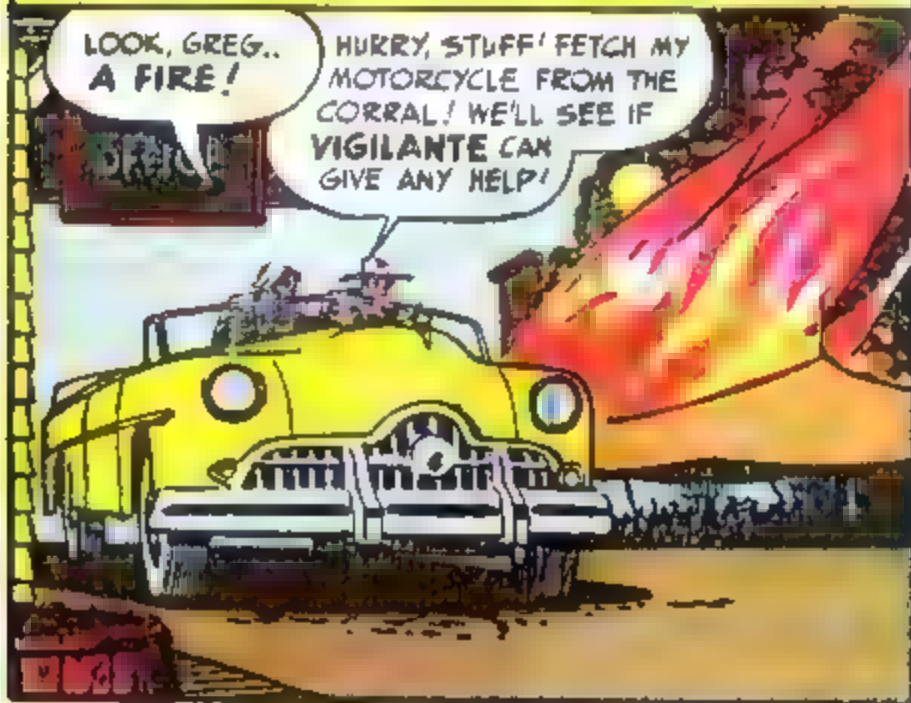
WHAT HAVE I DONE? HAD I BUT KNOWN—I THOUGHT YOUR POCKET WAS MY OWN!

BUT SWIFTLY, THE FIDDLER CHANGES HIS TUNE, AND...

RUN SADIE! THE BLIND GUY TIPPED THE TORCH, AND THE JOINT'S GOIN' UP IN SMOKE!

A FORTUNATE OCCURRENCE, SHAKES! LISTEN, THE MAESTRO INSTRUCTS US TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TO OBTAIN FUNDS BY MORE DIRECT MEANS!

JUST THEN, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR - HIS PROGRAM ENDED - PASSES THIS SCENE OF CONFUSION ..



A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME, GREG BECOMES VIGILANTE, ROUGH-RIDING CRIME-BUSTER...

IT MIGHT BE ACCIDENTAL.. AND IT MIGHT BE THE WORK OF VICIOUS ROBBERS!

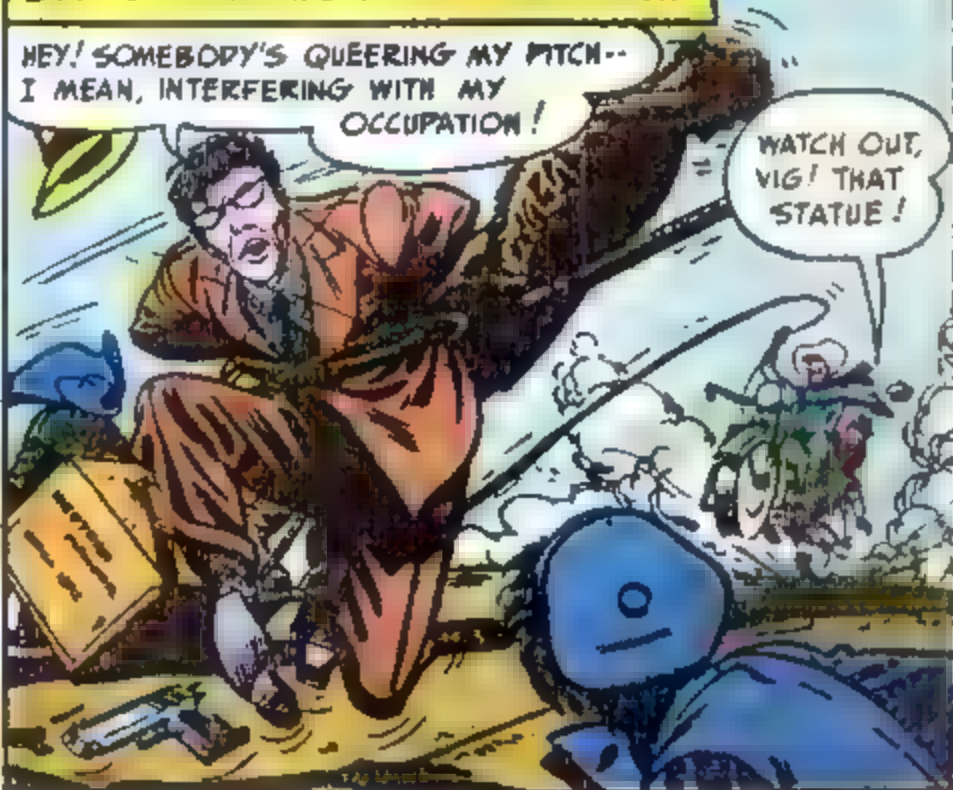
THAT'S RIGHT, V.G! THE 'HALL OF RICHES' - FULL OF GOLD AND SILVER MINED IN THESE PARTS - IS RIGHT NEARBY!



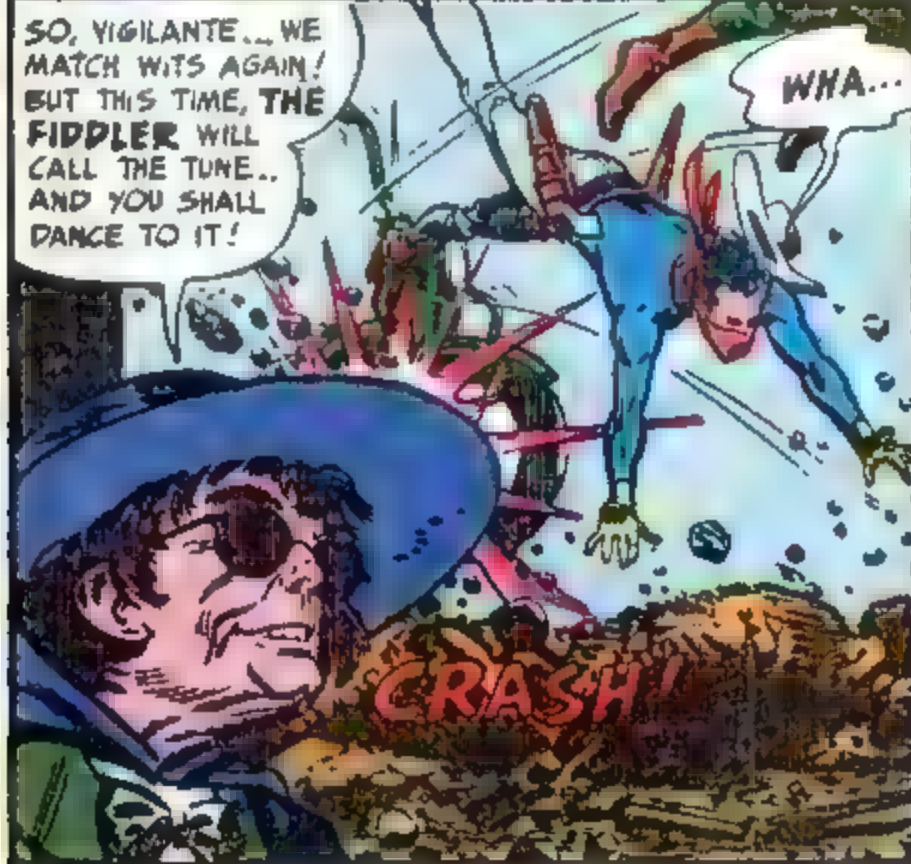
SECONDS LATER...



BUT AS VIGILANTE'S NOOSE CONNECTS...



SO, VIGILANTE... WE MATCH WITS AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME, THE FIDDLER WILL CALL THE TUNE.. AND YOU SHALL DANCE TO IT!



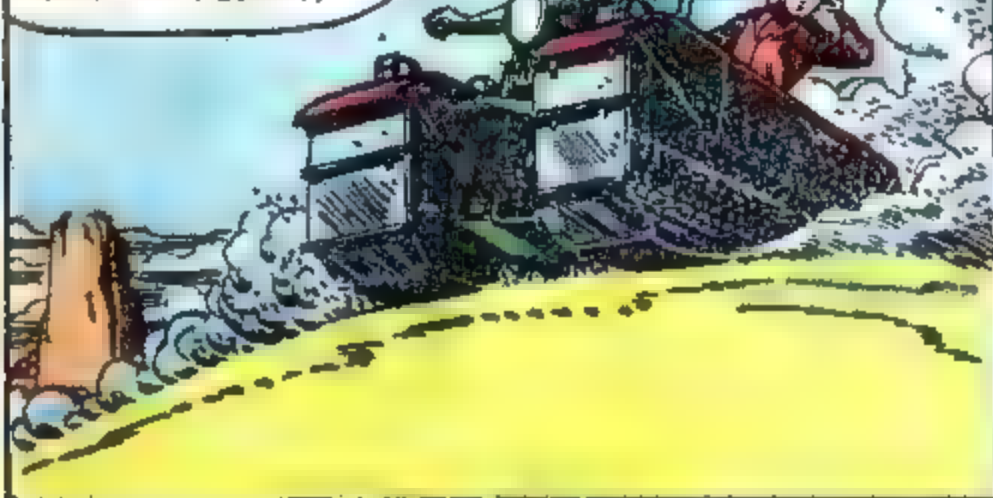
WHEN THE DAZED PARTNERS PICK THEMSELVES UP...



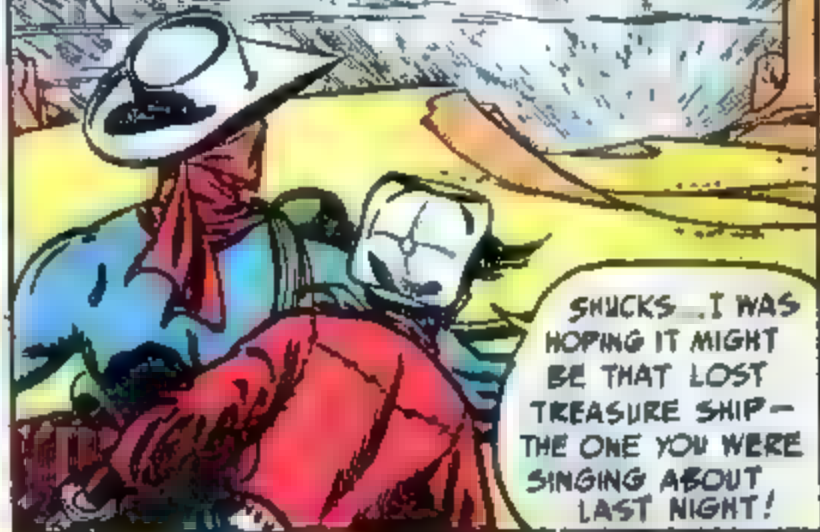
NEXT DAY, AS A "SANDCYCLE" WITH CATERPILLAR TREADS, SPEEDS THE MANHUNTERS OVER DESERT SANDS...

CROOKS FLEEING THE LAW COULDN'T PICK A BETTER HIDING PLACE THAN THE DESERT!

OH, OH--PINCH ME, VIG! I MUST BE DREAMING! THAT THING I SEE CAN'T BE A SAILING SHIP!



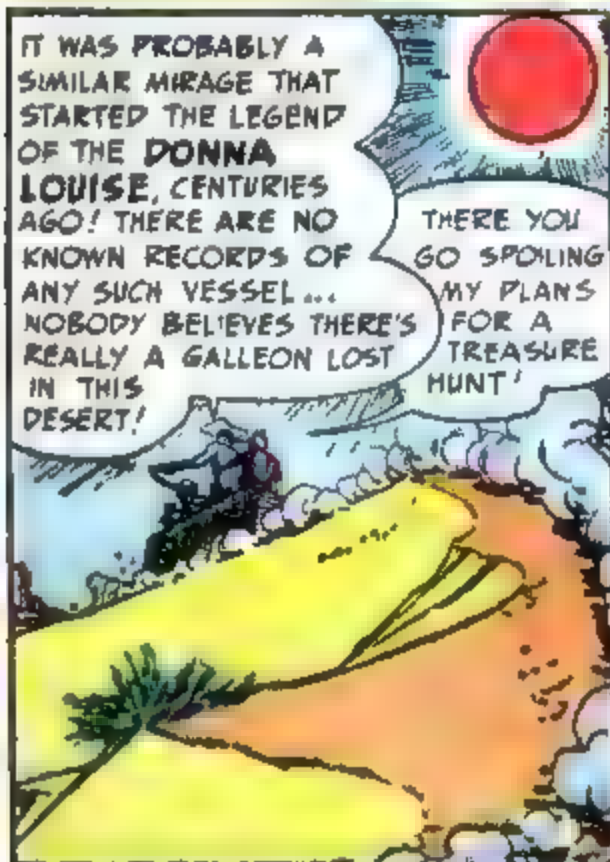
THAT'S JUST A MIRAGE, STUFF! RARIFIED DESERT AIR IS CAUSING UPSIDE-DOWN REFLECTION OF A FREIGHTER IN THE PACIFIC...AT LEAST 50 MILES AWAY!



SHUCKS...I WAS HOPING IT MIGHT BE THAT LOST TREASURE SHIP--THE ONE YOU WERE SINGING ABOUT LAST NIGHT!

IT WAS PROBABLY A SIMILAR MIRAGE THAT STARTED THE LEGEND OF THE DONNA LOUISE, CENTURIES AGO! THERE ARE NO KNOWN RECORDS OF ANY SUCH VESSEL... NOBODY BELIEVES THERE'S REALLY A GALLEON LOST IN THIS DESERT!

THERE YOU GO SPOILING MY PLANS FOR A TREASURE HUNT!



PERHAPS VIGILANTE WOULDN'T BE SO CERTAIN IT WAS A LEGEND--IF HE KNEW THAT ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD IS BURIED A REAL GALLEON!

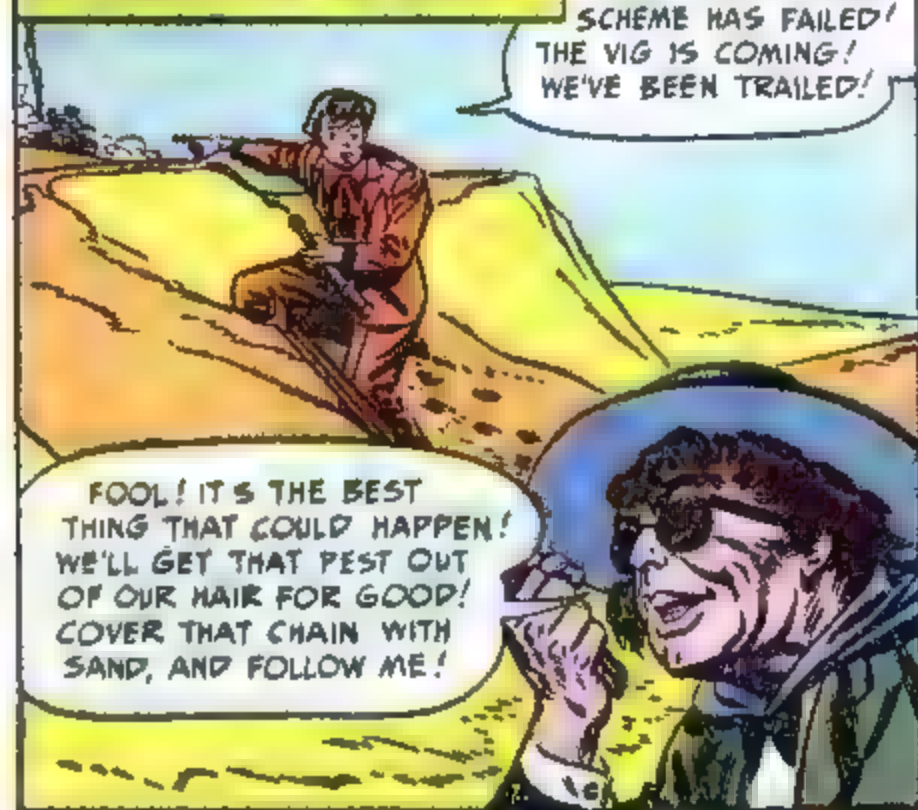
TO THINK I WENT ON THE HEIST--I MEAN, ESPOUSED A LIFE OF CRIME--TO ESCAPE MENIAL LABOR!

CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE DUNE, SHAKES, AND MAKE SURE WE'RE ALONE OUT HERE!



AS SHAKES SCANS THE HORIZON...

ALAS--ALACK--OUR SCHEME HAS FAILED! THE VIG IS COMING! WE'VE BEEN TRAILED!

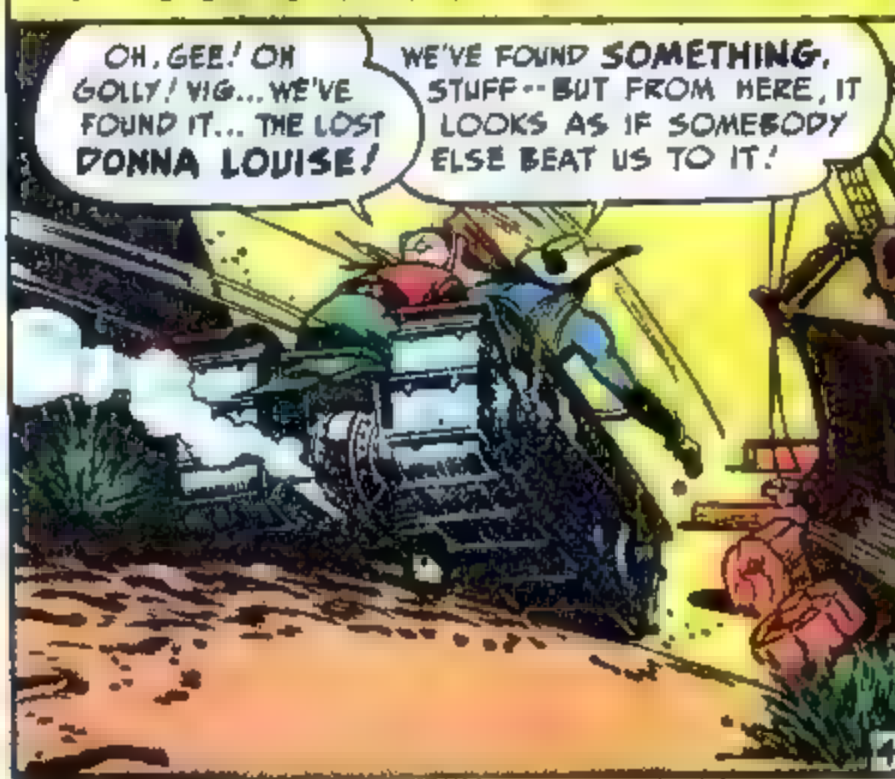


FOOL! IT'S THE BEST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN! WE'LL GET THAT PEST OUT OF OUR HAIR FOR GOOD! COVER THAT CHAIN WITH SAND, AND FOLLOW ME!

UNAWARE THAT A CUNNING TRAP AWAITS HIM, VIGILANTE SPIES THE 16TH CENTURY SHIP--AND SPEEDS TOWARD IT...

OH, GEE! OH GOLLY! VIG...WE'VE FOUND IT...THE LOST DONNA LOUISE!

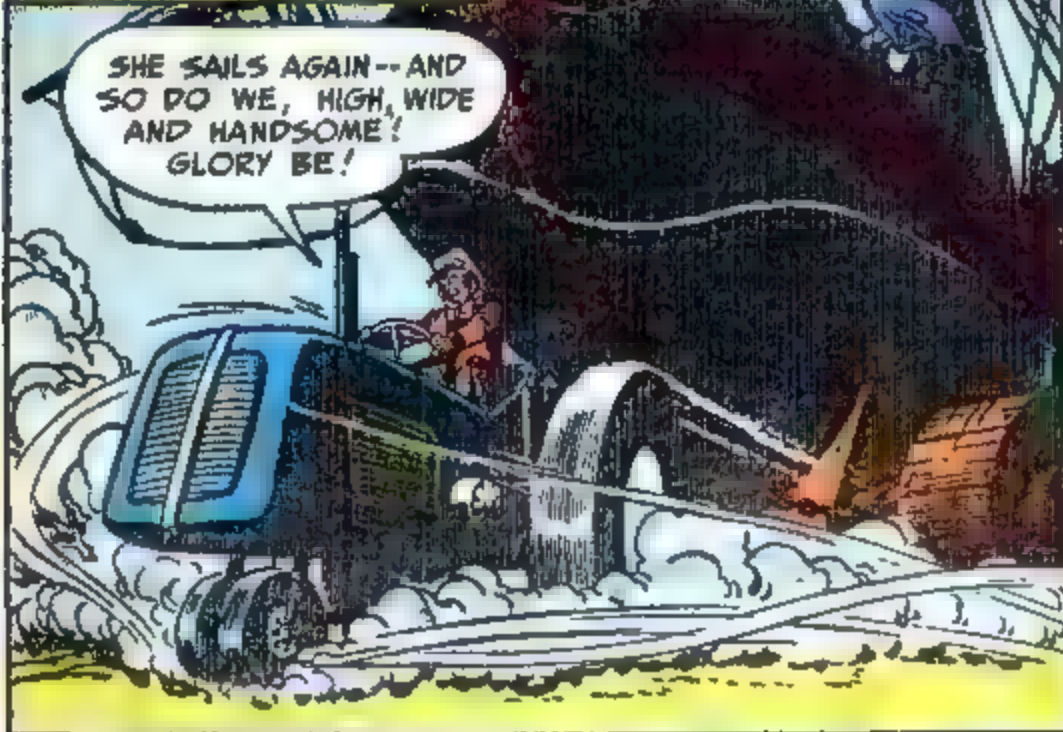
WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING, STUFF--BUT FROM HERE, IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEBODY ELSE BEAT US TO IT!





AT THAT MOMENT, AS THE CROOKS TOIL FEVERISHLY TO FREE THE OLD GALLEON...

SHE SAILS AGAIN--AND SO DO WE, HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME! GLORY BE!



IN THE AFTER CABIN...

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS--BUT NOTHING GLITTERS MORE PRETTILY... EH, DICTIONARY?

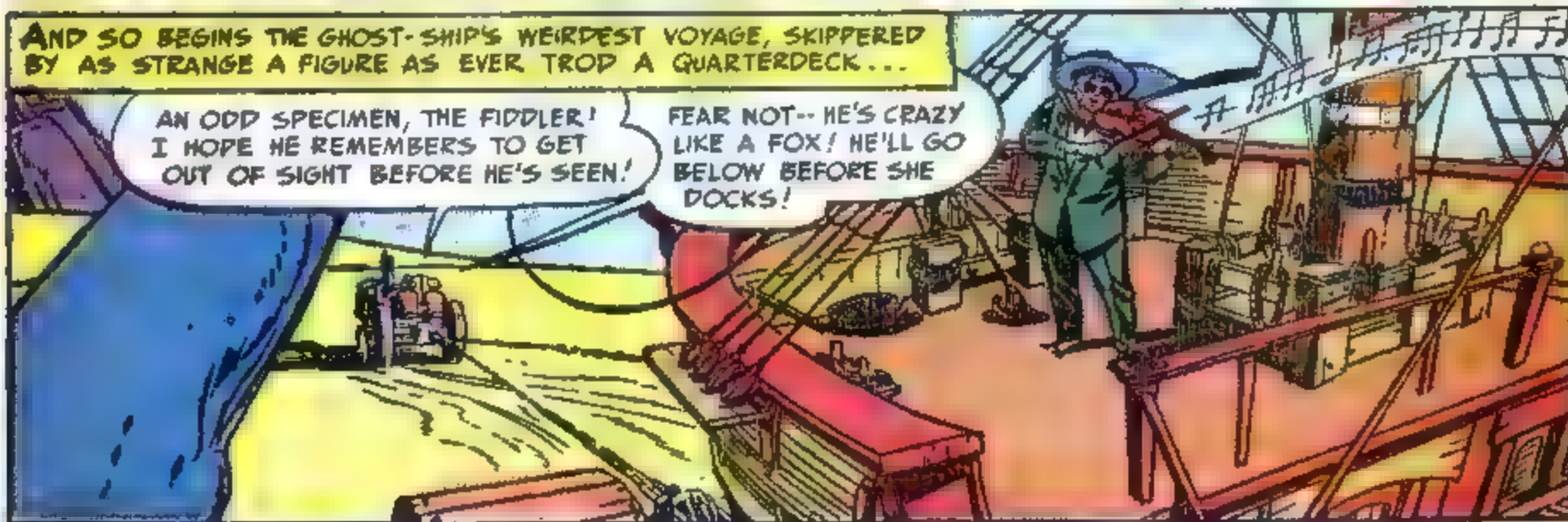
RIGHT, MAESTRO! AND THERE'S MORE IN THE HOLD, WITH THE BARS OF SILVER!



AND SO BEGINS THE GHOST-SHIP'S WEIRDEST VOYAGE, SKIPPED BY AS STRANGE A FIGURE AS EVER TROD A QUARTERDECK...

AN ODD SPECIMEN, THE FIDDLER! I HOPE HE REMEMBERS TO GET OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE HE'S SEEN!

FEAR NOT-- HE'S CRAZY LIKE A FOX! HE'LL GO BELOW BEFORE SHE DOCKS!



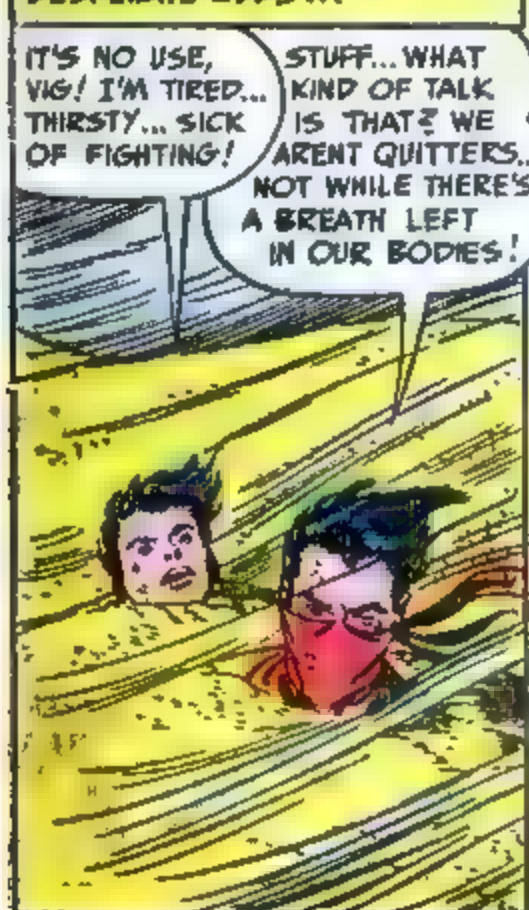
MEANWHILE, UNDER THE BURNING DESERT SUN, A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE CONTINUES AGAINST DESPERATE ODDS...

IT'S NO USE, VIG! I'M TIRED... THIRSTY... SICK OF FIGHTING!

STUFF... WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT? WE AREN'T QUITTERS... NOT WHILE THERE'S A BREATH LEFT IN OUR BODIES!

I'VE LOOSENED THE ROPE AROUND MY RIGHT FOOT A LITTLE! IF I CAN WORK THE FOOT OUT OF THE BOOT, I'LL NEED YOU FOR THE NEXT STEP!

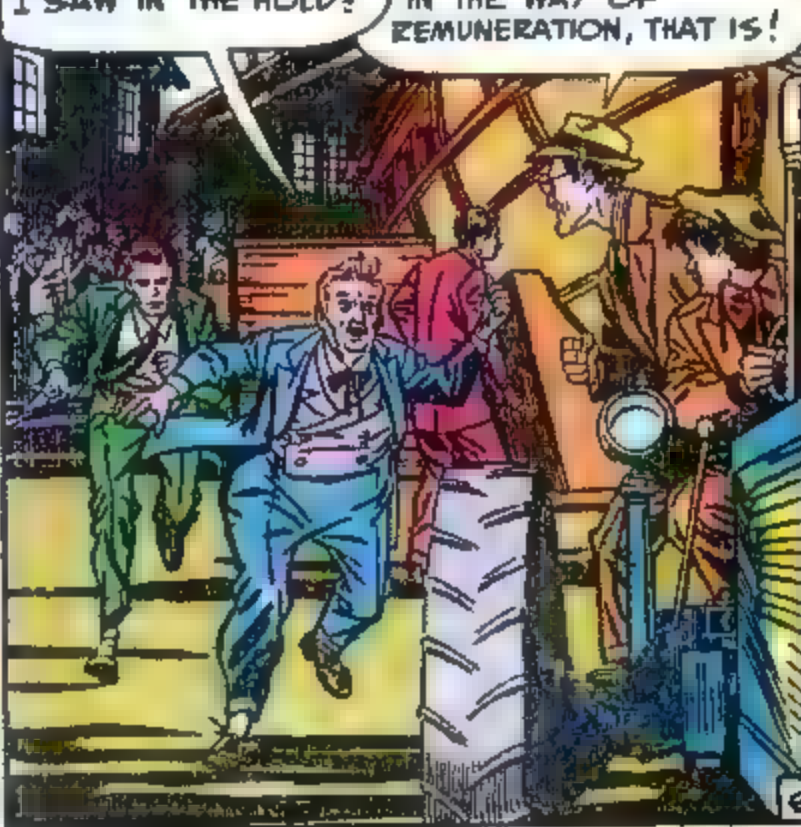
FORGET WHAT I JUST SAID! YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, VIG!



AND AT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS, AS THE SUN SETS...

IS IT REALLY THE DONNA LOUISE? IS THAT GENUINE GOLD AND SILVER I SAW IN THE HOLD?

IF IT ISN'T, WE DID A LOT OF DIGGING-- EXPENDED OUR EFFORTS, I MEAN-- FOR NOTHING-- IN THE WAY OF REMUNERATION, THAT IS!



MANY WILLING HANDS HELP PUSH THE GALLEON INTO THE GREAT HALL OF RICHES, WHERE PAINTINGS, SCULPTURED FIGURES AND TONS OF PRECIOUS METALS TELL THE HISTORY OF MINING IN THE OLD WEST...



MY FRIEND AND I SAW THE PROW OF THE GALLEON PROJECTING FROM THE SAND, WEEKS AGO! WE HAVE BEEN WORKING EVERY DAY, DIGGING IT OUT SECRETLY!

AND WHAT A JOB! MY MUSCLES ACHES - I CREAK WITH EVERY STEP I TAKE!

AWHILE LATER...

THIS IS THE BIGGEST NEWS SINCE THE CALIFORNIA GOLD STRIKE 100 YEARS AGO! YOU WILL BE FAMOUS, AS WELL AS RICH!

FRANKLY, SIR, I PREFER OBSCURITY, ALTHOUGH I HAVE NO OBJECTION TO RICHES! BUT ONE THING DOES WORRY ME...



WE'RE WILLING TO LEAVE THE GALLEON AND TREASURE HERE TILL THE EXPOSITION CLOSES - BUT WE MUST BE SURE THIS BUILDING IS ADEQUATELY GUARDED!

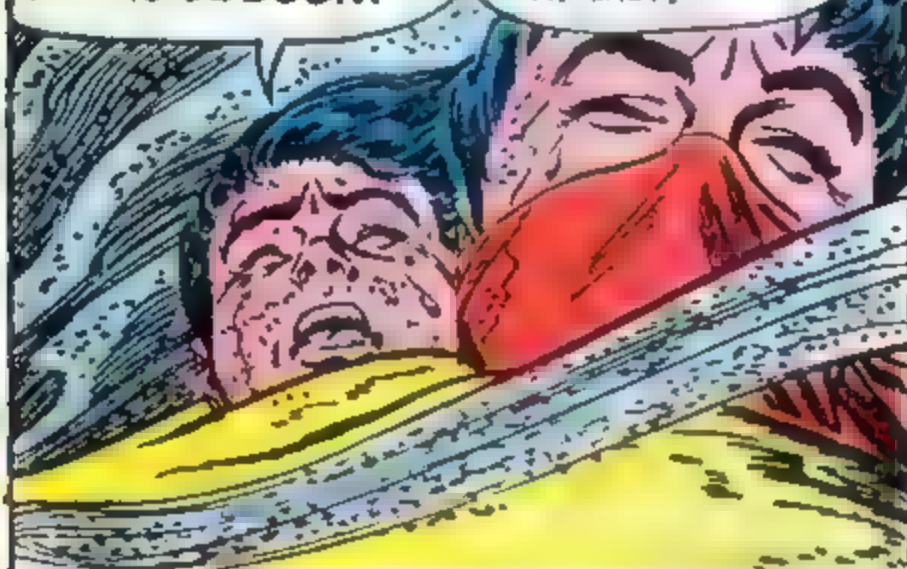
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU A CHART AND COMPLETE LISTING OF THE GUARDS, GUARD STATIONS, PATROL SCHEDULES AND ALARM SYSTEM!



WHILE OUT IN THE DESERT...

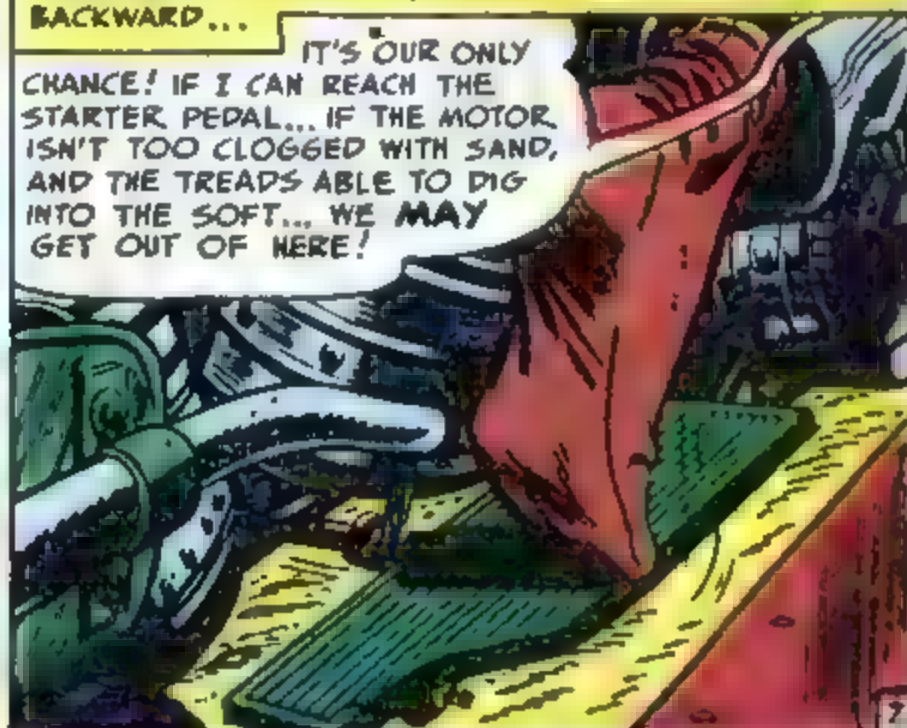
AH-CHOO!... I'M NOT TURNING QUITTER AGAIN, VIG... BUT IF WE'RE GOING TO ESCAPE AT ALL, IT'LL HAVE TO BE SOON!

IT WILL BE, STUFF! MY FOOT FEELS AS IF I'VE BROKEN EVERY BONE IN IT! BUT I THINK I CAN PULL IT OUT OF THE BOOT, AT LAST!



YES, VIGILANTE'S FOOT IS FREE... BUT HOW WILL THAT HELP? GROPINGLY, HE WORKS IT BACKWARD... BACKWARD...

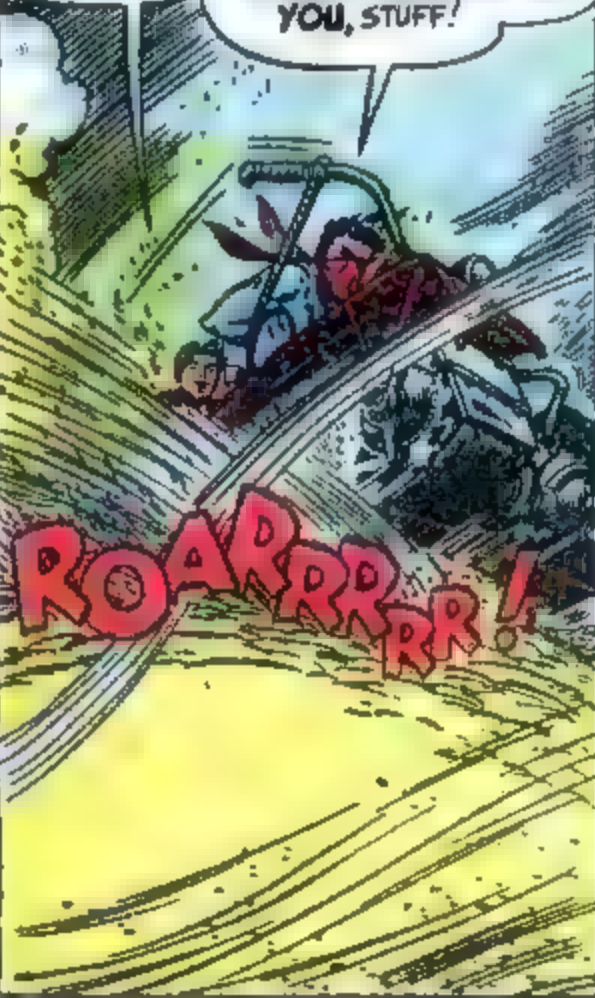
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! IF I CAN REACH THE STARTER PEDAL... IF THE MOTOR ISN'T TOO CLOGGED WITH SAND, AND THE TREADS ABLE TO DIG INTO THE SOFT... WE MAY GET OUT OF HERE!



EXERTING HIS LAST OUNCE OF ENERGY, THE PRAIRIE PALADIN REACHES A BURIED PEDAL, PRESSES DOWN, AND...

YOU MADE IT, VIG! WE'RE CLIMBING OUT!

BUT THERE'S STILL ONE MORE RISKY JOB LEFT. AND ITS SUCCESS DEPENDS ON YOU, STUFF!



MY HANDS ARE TIED TO THE HANDLEBARS, SO I CAN'T MANAGE IT! TRY TO PLACE YOUR BONDS AGAINST THE EDGE OF THE MOVING TREAD... IT SHOULD CUT THROUGH THEM EASILY! BUT BE CAREFUL THE TREAD DOESN'T TOUCH YOUR HAND!

OKAY, VIG... I'LL HAVE TO WORK SLOWLY, BECAUSE I CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M DOING! HERE GOES!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOLD OF THE SPANISH GALLEON AT THE HALL OF RICHES, CLOSED NOW, AND OCCUPIED ONLY BY BORED GUARDS...

IF SHAKES AND DICTIONARY FOLLOW MY ORDERS TO THE LETTER, THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST, MOST DARING ROBBERY OF MY CAREER!

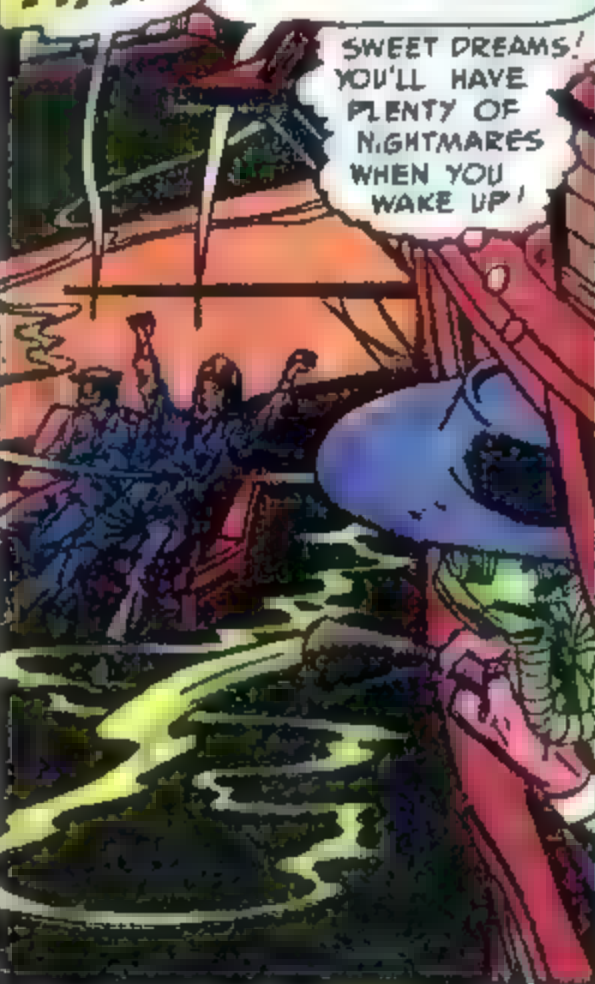


SOFTLY, AN ODORLESS GAS HISSES FROM THE VALVE—AND AN OVERWHELMING DROWSINESS ASSAILS THE WATCHMEN...

Zzzzz-
Zzzzz-
Zzzzz-...

HO, HUM! I SLEPT ALL DAY--BUT I'M STILL SLEEPY... CAN'T STAY AWAKE... MUCH LONGER...

SWEET DREAMS! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF NIGHTMARES WHEN YOU WAKE UP!



AND OUTSIDE THE HALL, AS A VIOLIN STARTS TO VIBRATE SHRILL NOTES...

UGH-H-H...

BEHIND YON WALLS, THE FIDDLE CALLS, AS HERE THE LAST DEFENDER FALLS!



THEN...

NICE WORK, MEN! PUT ON YOUR MASKS AND COME INSIDE!

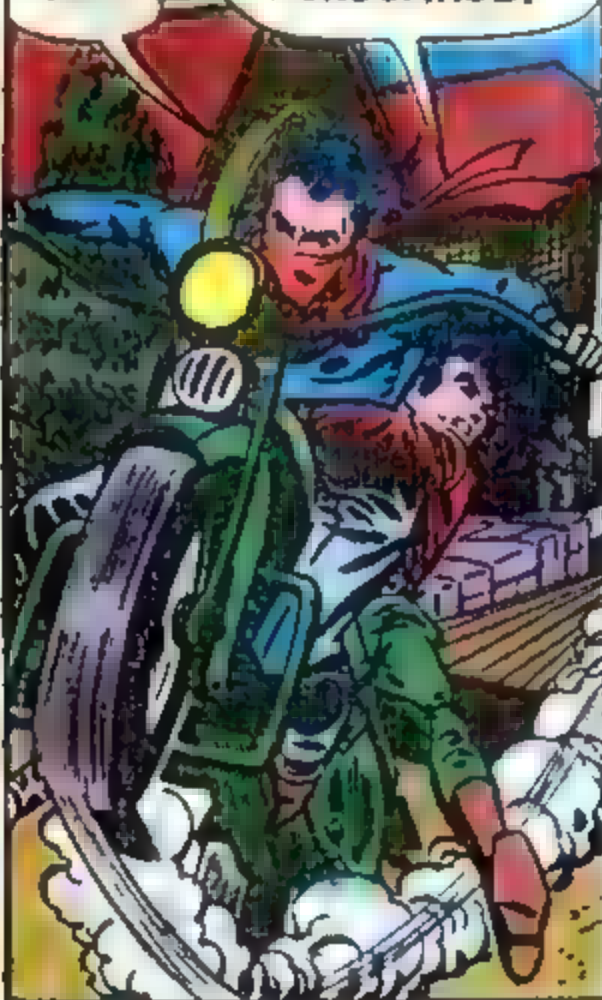
WHAT A LAUGH, SWAPPING THE JUNK WE BROUGHT FOR REAL MCCOY! ER... I MEAN HOW DROLL, EXCHANGING OUR GOLD-AND-SILVER-PLATED LEAD BARS FOR TONS OF PURE, SOLID METAL!



SUDDENLY, THE STACCATO ROAR OF A HIGH-SPEED MOTOR SPLITS THE SILENCE...

HANG ON, PARTNER! WE'RE TAKING OFF!

THAT SANDCYCLE WAS ALL RIGHT FOR THE DESERT, BUT NOT FOR AERIAL ACROBATICS!



NEXT INSTANT, WITHIN THE MALL...

THE TRUCK AWAITS IN THE REAR! IF WE PROCEED WITH ALACRITY, WE CAN -- YIII!

JUST THINK -- NO VIG WITH VISAGE GRIM TO INTERRUPT OUR -- HUM --? IT'S HIM!

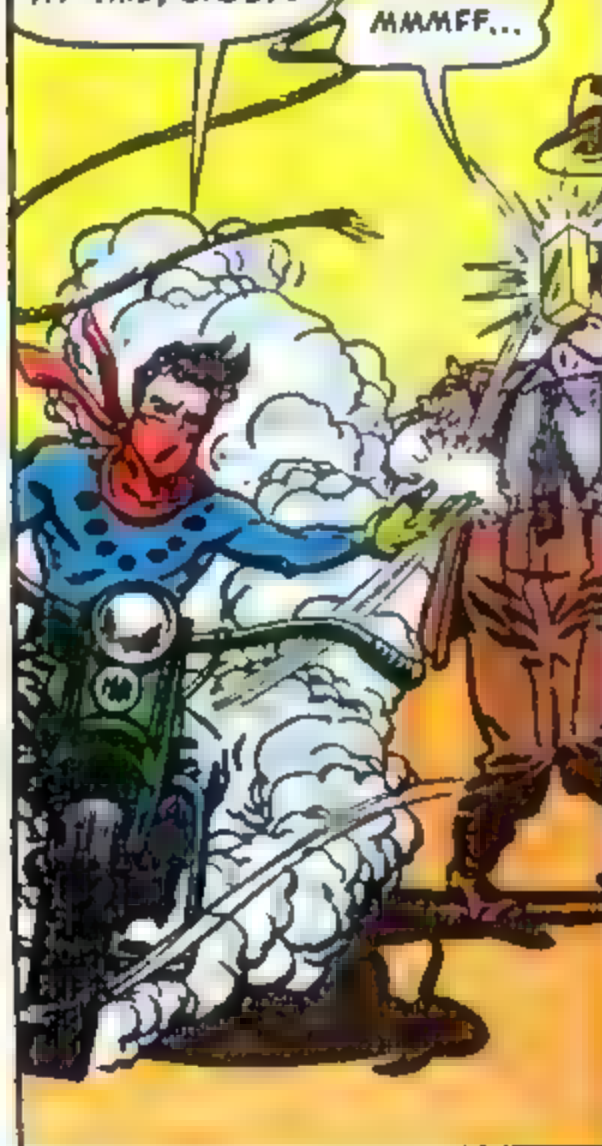


THIS BANNER LOOKS LIKE THE BEST LAUNCHING PLACE FOR AN ATTACK!

HERE WE COME, YOU COWARDLY COYOTES? DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU HAD US STOPPED?



LET'S HEAR YOU FIND A WORD TO FIT THIS, GABBY!



HOW ABOUT AN APPROPRIATE RHYME, DIMWIT?



MADE IT! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO WINS IN THE -- HELP!





TRY TO BURY THE VIG AND ME IN THE SAND, WILL YOU? GET MY HAIR, EYES, EARS, NOSE AND MOUTH ALL FULL OF ALKALI DUST, WILL YOU?

HELP! HE'S GONE CRAZY! GET HIM OFF ME!



BEATING ME WITH MY OWN FIDDLE! IT'S INHUMAN!

MAN OVERBOARD!



WHEN THE FIDDLER REFORMS, HE MIGHT TAKE UP A NEW CAREER AS A FANCY DIVER!

I DOUBT IT! THERE'S NO POOL AT THE BIG HOUSE, AND HE'LL BE OUT OF PRACTICE BY THE TIME THEY RELEASE HIM!



SOON...

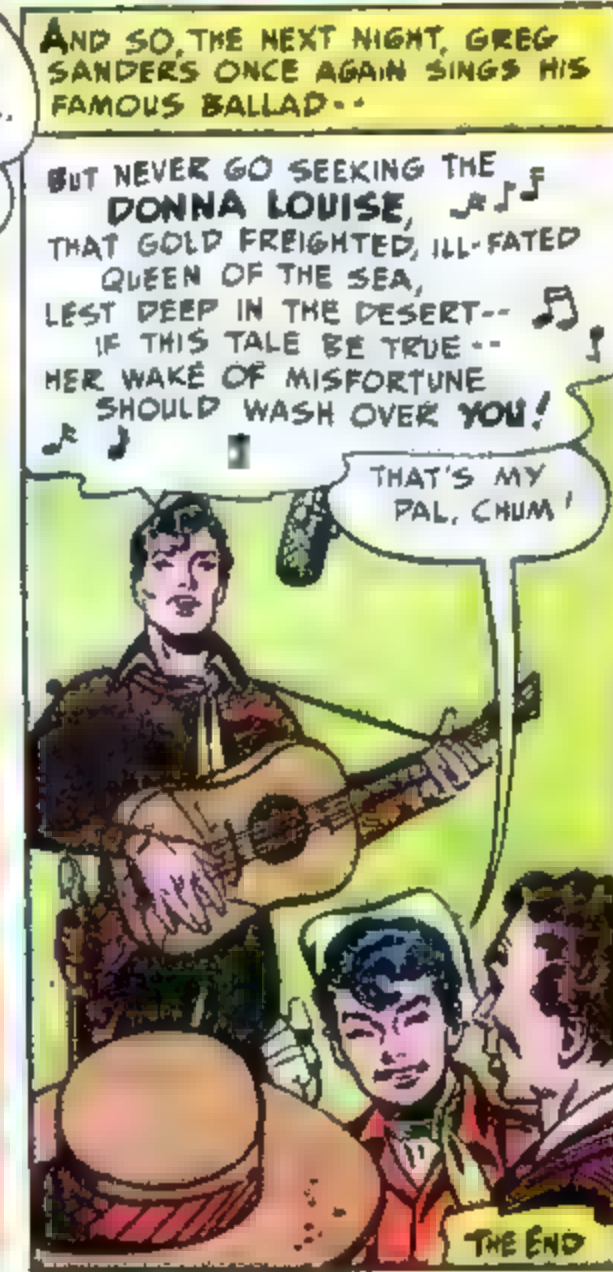
JUST AS I THOUGHT A BAR OF LEAD, WITH THIN GOLD PLATING! YOU MUST HAVE BURIED THAT MAKESHIFT GALLEON SOME TIME AGO!

WHY DENY IT? WE PUT TOGETHER FRAGMENTS OF OLD SHIPS WE PICKED UP HERE AND THERE! WITH THIS FAKE TREASURE ABOARD IT WAS EASY TO CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT OUR SHIP WAS THE REAL DONNA LOUISE!



THE FIDDLER FIGURED THE TREASURE WOULD GET THE GALLEON INTO THE HALL OF RICHES, AS AN EXHIBIT... WITH HIM HIDDEN BELOW DECK'S! THINGS WERE GOING FINE TILL YOU TURNED UP, VIGILANTE!

THE FIDDLER PLANNED IT ALL SO WELL, HE'S WON US EACH A PRISON CELL!



AND SO, THE NEXT NIGHT, GREG SANDERS ONCE AGAIN SINGS HIS FAMOUS BALLAD--

BUT NEVER GO SEEKING THE DONNA LOUISE, THAT GOLD FREIGHTED, ILL-FATED QUEEN OF THE SEA, LEST DEEP IN THE DESERT-- IF THIS TALE BE TRUE-- HER WAKE OF MISFORTUNE SHOULD WASH OVER YOU!

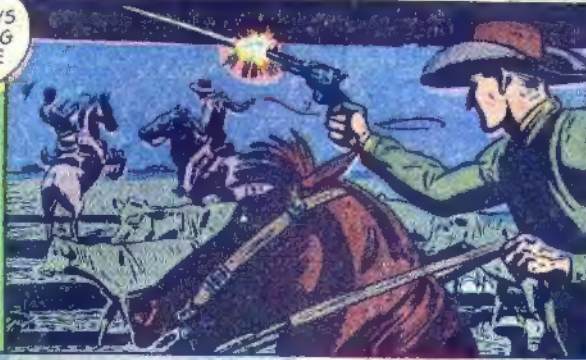
THAT'S MY PAL, CHUM!

THE END

REUNION at the RUSTLERS

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE NIGHT, WHILE THE BOYS AND I WERE VACATIONING AT THE DREW RANCH, WE WERE AWAKENED BY GUNSHOTS FROM THE RANGE...



THOSE RUSTLERS 'BEEN STEALIN' N BRANDIN' A LOT OF MY CALVES... BUT I CAN'T PUT THE LAW ON 'EM 'TIL I CATCH 'EM IN THE ACT OF BRANDIN'!

I HAVE AN IDEA... GET THE SHERIFF HERE TO-MORROW, AND THEN--



THE NEXT EVENING...

WE LOCK MOMMA COW HERE IN THE SHED WHILE MR. DREW TAKES HIS MEN OFF WATCH...



LATER... THE RUSTLERS HAVE STOLEN THE UNGUARDED CALVES... THE COW, ANXIOUS TO SEARCH FOR HER MISSING CALF, IS RELEASED...

IT'S A CHANCE-- BUT SHE MAY LEAD US TO HER CALF... AND THE RUSTLERS!

IMAGINE TAKING A HIRE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! AND WHY D'YOU WANT ME TO WEAR THESE HERE "P-F"'S, JIM?



WHAT JIM TOLD THE SHERIFF ABOUT "P-F"':

HERE'S HOW "P-F" CANVAS SHOES GIVE YOU EXTRA SPEED AND COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

Y'KNOW, THESE "P-F"'S OF YOURS ARE MIGHTY EASY ON THE FEET... WE BEEN FOLLOWING THAT COW OVER TWO HOURS AND I AIN'T TIRED YIT!

HOPE SHE FINDS HER CALF BEFORE IT GETS LIGHT AND THEY SEE US COMING!



SOON...



LOOK, BILL-- WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

CAUGHT 'EM RED-HANDED! GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU BOYS...

... AND OUR "P-F"'S, SHERIFF!



FOR EXTRA SPEED, ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES! GET YOUR "P-F"'S NOW!



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"G-I-V-E-S" WITH EACH
STEP--SPRINGS
BACK TO FIT.

LOOK! ALL WELT
CONSTRUCTION...HOLDS
SHOE IN SHAPE.
PERMITS RE-SOLING
WITHOUT NAILING.

I LIKE THE
DASHING GOOD-
LOOKS OF THAT
BUCKLE AND STRAP.
IT'S NEAT!

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LET'S THE FRESH
AIR IN, COOLS
THOSE "HOT DOGS."

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